

THE NAVY COMMAND FIGHTS FOR
HEADLINES *By* COLONEL HUGH J. KNERR

GERALD SMITH'S BID FOR POWER
By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

AUGUST 1942

The American Mercury



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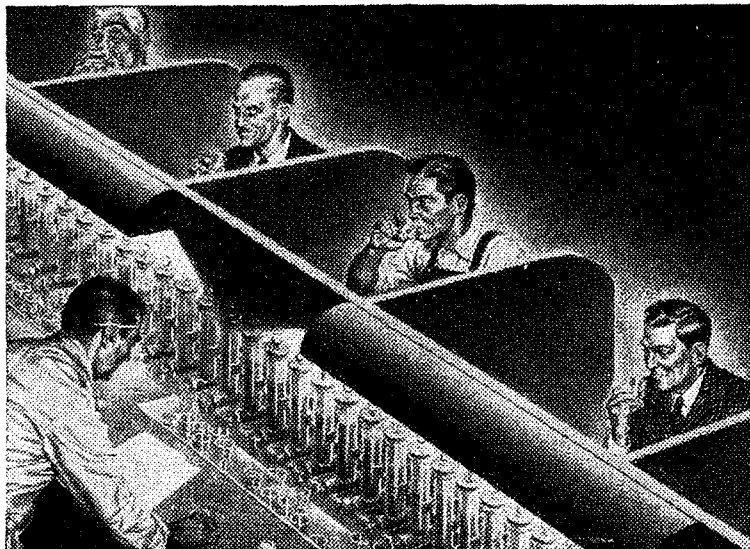
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The American MERCURY

THE NAVY COMMAND FIGHTS FOR HEADLINES

BY COLONEL HUGH J. KNERR

THE men in the United States Navy are fighting heroically for victory. But the "desk admirals" in Washington are fighting a desperate rear-guard action for prestige and control—a battle which at best is short-sighted and at worst may be delaying our triumph.

The Navy Command, flanked by platoons of alleged public relations experts, is constantly conveying a false and exaggerated impression of

naval activity. The picture of crucial events is being distorted and touched up to save face over the discrediting of the battleship; to sell a navy's-eye view of the lessons of the war; and to divert money, materials and energy to aircraft carriers which logically should go into long-range, land-based aviation.

The crowning result of this naval "paper war" for the headlines has

IN THE JUNE MERCURY, Colonel Knerr revealed a dangerous division of authority in our war command. His plea for genuine unity of command on all fronts was applauded by American and British newspapers. In this article, Colonel Knerr continues his analysis of war developments from the angle of air power. He is a former Chief of Staff of the Headquarters Air Force, one of the originators of the Flying Fortress type of aircraft, and among the foremost advocates of true, autonomous air power.

NOTE: *The views expressed in this article are the author's and not necessarily those of the War Department.*

been the decision of a well-meaning but misinformed and bewildered Congress to build five hundred thousand tons of aircraft carriers which, by the time they are completed, will be as useless to us as battleships are today. Far more serious than the waste of resources and labor involved is the implied acceptance of the fallacious idea that the carrier has supplanted the battleship as the "backbone" of the Navy. The notion that the Navy has a backbone again and hence is able again to become the mainstay of our war effort can only perpetuate outmoded strategy and bring another crop of disasters.

The naval publicity juggling is fairly obvious. All you need to do to spot it is to go over the front pages of the newspapers for a week or a month. Note the extent to which alleged naval triumphs are overplayed and the solid accomplishments of land-based Army aviation glossed over. Compare the first news releases on important engagements with the air-power facts that leak out piecemeal in the following days or weeks and you get some inkling of the dangerous game being played, with the American public in the role of sucker. The original news sources are responsible, not the press.

Let's examine the record. We

won't go back to Pearl Harbor, where warships are still buried in mud because orthodox naval men wouldn't acknowledge the striking power of aircraft. We'll begin with the Coral Sea battle. For five days during that historic engagement, the American public was given to understand that a great "naval" battle was raging. The Navy was issuing all the communiqués. We could visualize our great naval guns belching broadsides and blasting the Jap fleet.

Then the truth began to leak out. And the truth didn't discredit our gallant sailors or our Navy flyers who cooperated so effectively with our heavy, land-based aviation. The truth discredited only the mentality of those who were giving out the information. In actuality, not a single Navy surface ship fired one of its guns usefully except its anti-aircraft guns. In actuality, our heavy Army bombers were engaging the Japanese long before the Navy came into the fight in that area; and because of the tragic division in our command, the Army flyers were actually surprised when the Navy flyers arrived to join in the fracas.

At Coral Sea, our bombers sank at least two Jap aircraft carriers and the Japs, in turn, sank the *Lexington*, a 36,000-ton floating air-

field which carried sixty or more of her planes with her to the bottom of the sea. Factual data at this writing seem to indicate that, while the Japs lost more naval units, the United Nations lost more tonnage and planes.

And note this point: the Coral Sea battle was presented to the American people not only as a great naval victory, but as an argument for building more aircraft carriers!

Then came the long, running Battle of Midway. It figured as another great *naval* battle on the front pages until the Army flyers suddenly realized that, unless they wanted to be the forgotten men of this war, they had better start issuing a few communiqués of their own. That was when our able corps of foreign correspondents began to send through a series of thrilling interviews with pilots and bombardiers and we learned some startling facts. We had not repeated the Pearl Harbor mistake. Our heavy, far-ranging bombers were ready at Midway. They found the Japs and began bombing them while they were hundreds of miles away. Our Navy and Marine flyers joined in and our combined flying forces gave the enemy the worst licking he has yet suffered.

We learned that once again not a single American surface ship fired

a shot at Midway except from its anti-aircraft guns! The navies did not even make contact. Their main units were often days apart. Our naval surface forces, to put the matter succinctly, were only in the way — vulnerable targets that needed to be protected from overhead. And we learned, most important of all, that although our bombers had sunk a number of Jap carriers, our own carriers did not dare press the pursuit within reach of the enemy's aircraft based on the various Pacific islands.

Yet the result of the Midway engagement, too, was presented as an exclusive naval achievement and an argument for constructing *more* American aircraft carriers!

In the fighting around the Aleutian Islands, the story was approximately the same, though not all the facts are available at this writing. The moment the Japs came within range of our land-based aviation, our bombers put them out of commission. By the time we got to the Alaska fight, General Arnold of the Air Corps had at last become aroused to the point of issuing his own roundabout communiqués in the form of congratulatory wires to the plane manufacturers. That was the first intimation John Q. Public had that the northern engagement was not a regulation naval show.

It seems to me that the true significance of these Pacific experiences, as well as of the pattern of the Navy's publicity war to save face and control, should be apparent even to the casual reader. This is no time to spare feelings at the risk of endangering our victory.

Less than a year ago, the Navy Command was insisting on pouring billions of dollars and man-hours of production and thousands of tons of precious materials into battleships which had already proved useless. Aviation men warned against it but were ignored.¹ What shall we do now with the carcasses of half-completed battleships lying on our ways? Shall we finish them anyhow, at a terrible cost to our rubber stocks, steel stocks, labor stocks? Or shall we scrap them?

And now the same disheartening story is being repeated. The same people who led us down the battleship back alley are telling Congress that we must have five hundred thousand tons of aircraft carriers — because of the lessons of the Pacific battles! This half-million tons is only the first installment, if we may judge by the carrier ballyhoo being put on by the naval publicity.

¹ See "The Twilight of Sea Power," by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, in the *MERCURY* for June 1941, in which he wrote that the naval construction program would be completed "just in time to have all of its battleships scrapped." — ED.

Yet the true lesson of the Pacific battles, from Coral Sea to the Aleutians, is that the aircraft carrier is even more of a liability than the battleship.

II

Originally, the aircraft carrier was conceived as a means for the high seas fleet to carry with it wheelborne aviation, as differentiated from catapult types which required floats to land on the sea and be picked up by the launching ship. These wheelborne craft are far superior to catapult planes. They serve their purpose well as long — *but only as long* — as they and their carrier "airfield" remain beyond the range of enemy land-based air power.

The carrier must stay beyond that range for two excellent reasons. First, the carrier itself is a perfect target for the bombing plane; not only is the big "flat-top" an open invitation to a bomb, but the carrier is potentially a floating torch because it is loaded with thousands of gallons of gasoline and tons of bombs. Second, the carrier planes are of necessity inferior to land-based craft because every engineering attribute of an airplane must be compromised in order for it to operate off a carrier. The result is a

plane that is hopelessly outclassed in the presence of land-based aviation.

Consider this tragic picture. While the *Lexington* was in her death throes, her planes had to come back and land on her decks in order to rescue the flying personnel. The land-based bombers had plenty of range to fly back to land, but the carrier planes didn't and had to be sacrificed when their "base" was destroyed under them. You can't sink an island!²

Since it can't be taken within striking distance of shore-based airplanes, the carrier can have only one reason for being. That reason is to carry aviation into "blind spots" on the oceans which cannot yet be reached by planes operating from land bases. There are very few of these blind spots left in the world today and the planes with sufficient range to eliminate the last of these spots are already being manufactured in the United States. It will be at least twenty-two months before any of these proposed new carriers can be put into service. Long before they can be finished, both we and our enemies will have so extended the reach of land-based aircraft that a car-

rier, already useless as an offensive weapon, will be well-nigh useless as an auxiliary.

I note that the public and Congress are being led to believe that if the Navy only had plenty of carriers it would attack the Japanese islands. This fallacy is dangerous nonsense. If the Navy possessed dozens of new carriers today, it would not dare risk one of them within the operating radius of land-based Japanese aviation. If it did, the Japs would send the carrier to the bottom just as easily as they sent the *Lexington*, just as easily as our own Army bombers dispatched the Jap carriers that ventured within our range.

When a sustained attack is launched on Japan, it will not be a carrier-borne attack. It will be an attack by planes based on the Pacific islands, China, or Siberia. The bulk of the vast sums which the Navy proposes to spend on aircraft carriers should be spent instead on a system of air bases supported by air transport which can facilitate such a land-based attack.

III

The development of air transport is being impeded by the same reluctant minds which are planning for more aircraft carriers. We are get-

² For more detailed analysis of the extreme vulnerability of carrier aviation, see *Victory Through Air Power*, by Major Seversky, pp. 131-36, 161-65.

ting ready to begin air assaults on the Axis. Unless we want to spend five years fighting this war, we should launch these attacks quickly and sustain them, and to do this, we shall need air transport. Fortunately, plans for air transport were made more than ten years ago. For years, the Army Air Corps has been carrying a greater tonnage than all the airlines of the world combined. It needs only expansion to sustain an air force in action within a thousand miles of any base.

The quickest way to ease our transport problem at this juncture would be to let our bombers double as cargo carriers. Only a few months away, however, are developments in air transport which will make such stopgaps unnecessary. The *glider method* for moving air freight is of particular importance; as an immediate procedure it is more feasible than the plans which envision four-hundred-ton airplanes.

When designing freight carriers, one of the first problems is how to accelerate the ship to flying speed. It is possible to accelerate the relatively small planes now in use because there is a reasonable ratio between the total weight of the plane and the horsepower available in existing power plants. But when the problem is a two-hundred-ton

plane, the designer runs up against the question of how to get his ship rolling fast enough to leave the ground before it runs out of runway; the braking apparatus required to stop it when it reaches the ground constitutes another problem.

By using gliders, the tractive effort is concentrated in an airplane whose sole function is to carry power plant, crew and fuel. The plane doesn't *carry* freight; it only gets the freight into the air and then *pulls* it along. A designer can then build into his tow-plane a high-lift wing, great fuel capacity, and the types of propellers which can set a train of gliders rolling at a great rate of speed in a very short space. Propellers of large diameter can be used and these will greatly increase tractive efficiency.

Such a "tractor" airplane, pulling several trailer gliders, can get off the ground in a much shorter space than the same weight wrapped up in one airplane. Once in the air, advantages of the air freight train are apparent. It is quite feasible to operate these freight trailers without a pilot in them. Automatic instrumentation and control devices, now perfected, are adequate and currently developed laboratory technique insures a continuous improvement in these devices.

The tow cable lends itself to transmission of power and control signals. It is feasible to land these trailers automatically, by means of a short-wave glide path and by remote control from airdrome installation. Such devices are already in use. Long-distance hauls can be handled either by refueling the tow plane or by having a fresh tow plane pick up the tow cable in the air and release the exhausted tow plane at the relief airdrome.

I believe that after the war we will have vast commercial air freight systems, fully able to meet the competition of land and waterborne systems. But for the moment, our interests are military and air transport is our one immediate hope for successful and sustained attacks on the Axis. We must lift transport off the water, beyond surface and undersea dangers.

Almost automatically, naval men have reacted unfavorably to air transport proposals. Whatever their expressed reasons for opposition, under them lurks the unexpressed feeling that once transport is lifted into the skies, the last justification for colossal navies will be removed.

IV

As we prepare to launch our American air attack on Germany, the

effort is still being made to disparage the effect of air bombardment on cities and industrial concentrations. We still hear that the Germans failed to do much damage to England, and that the British raids on Cologne, Essen and Bremen have fallen short of expectations. The skeptics, however, do not appreciate that the occasional raid, destructive as it may be, is only a preliminary for the true strategic assault, for sustained mass bombardment of the scientific precision variety.

What is more, we cannot correctly evaluate the effectiveness of air war on Germany until our American planes begin to attack in force. We, of course, have more planes and a far greater capacity for producing bombs and bombers. But, in addition, there is the matter of the complementary aviation theories of Britain and the United States, which operate to give an American-British combination devastating potentialities.

With the fall of France, Britain was forced to concentrate on the fighter plane for protection. British bombardment aviation was of secondary importance to the fighter plane. The British lacked precision sights and related equipment, and even with equipment furnished by us, they had no time to train crews

in its proper use. A fighter pilot can be trained much quicker than it is possible to train a *nine-man crew* to handle a Flying Fortress and fly it intelligently in a complex bomber formation. So the British had to throw their bombers together out of the materials and crews at hand. Hence their prodigal bombing at chimney-top levels, with great loss of life and matériel. For the same reasons, they have had to confine their mass raids to darkness, with a resultant loss in effectiveness.

In this country, we have proceeded differently. Since we were spared the immediate defense problem, we have concentrated on the development of the big bombardment plane. We have had time to train our crews. We have designed and built our bombardment equipment primarily *for daylight use*. Our engineers have given us the finest precision bombsight in the world, the finest system of defensive fire control, the best sighting equipment for defensive guns, and the highest speeds. In addition, we have spent years working out closely co-ordinated formations so that our bombers can attack by day and each bomber will get the full benefit of the mutual fire power of the formation.

What good is a highly developed

bombsight at night? What good is an intricate fire-control system for defense at night? What good is a computing sight on a .50 calibre machine-gun designed to shoot down enemy fighters at a thousand yards, when it is used at night? Why should we have spent years developing self-protecting formation flights if we expected to attack in blind, hit-or-miss, single-ship operations under cover of darkness?

The British Sterling and Halifax bombers are built for night operations. The British crews are trained chiefly for night operations. But the whole American bombardment concept — the planes, equipment, crews, formation tactics — presumes that the proper time to attack is in the light of day. And now that the shock of the war has partially released air-minded men from the obstructionism of the Old Guarders, we are able to build the types of planes which fit into this American concept of attack.

American bombers have been doing all right against the Japs in the daytime and I believe we can do all right against the Germans. There should be little hit-or-miss bombing by American planes over Germany. Our ships will attack in the daytime, taking the risks and reaping the advantages of real combat strategy. They will pro-

ceed to their targets and attack with precision equipment from such altitudes as may be necessary. Their formations and their superior defensive equipment will enable them to shoot down the fighter planes which rise to challenge them. They will make full use of clouds and altitude to hold down their anti-aircraft losses and they'll return to fight again the next day, just as they have been doing all along.

Until such precision attacks are launched against Germany — and they will be launched presently — neither we nor the Germans can realize fully the destructiveness of air war.

One more point. The British so far have found the German searchlight and anti-aircraft defenses comparatively ineffective in mass raids. By presenting a vast number of targets simultaneously to the German gunners, the British have confused the enemy and held their losses to less than four per cent. The damage they have sustained has been due to flying into bargages, and not to aimed fire.

By sheer weight of numbers and the ensuing confusion among the defenders, the combined American and British attackers can pass from the night stage into the day stage. Nothing comparable on such a scale

has yet been attempted, so that skepticism, insofar as it is based on past experience, is inadmissible. When the strategic assault begins in earnest, we will know that the Second Front has really opened, and that it won't be long before armies can land successfully in Europe to follow up the victory scored by air power.

Navies — whether they consider battleships or carriers as their “backbone” — will serve, at most, as an auxiliary to air power.

V

In presenting these facts, I want to reiterate that I have no feud with the Navy Command. The men who compose it are patriotic Americans, honestly doing their best within the limitations of their special training and experience. My statements are motivated by only one consideration. As I read the lessons of this war from the vantage point of an airman who has also had Navy and Army experience, I can see one thing clearly — namely, that we have a weapon with which to smash our enemies quickly and prevent the long war and the possible stalemate which we all fear. My one purpose is to help break through the prejudices, prestige fixations and circumscribed

viewpoints *which hamper the full use of that weapon.*

That weapon is the American bombing plane. It is a weapon we Americans know how to build and how to use better than any other people on earth. It is a weapon with which we can launch sustained attacks on our enemies *immediately*. It only needs advance bases and air transports with which to supply those bases. In the British Isles, Africa, India, China we have such bases. Perhaps we shall soon have them also in Siberia. All that remains to be arranged is rapid transport for supply.

I believe that this is the way we can win the war quickly, and therefore shall oppose every effort which seems to obstruct this program or to misinterpret the facts for our people. The headline battle fought by the Navy Command adds up to obstruction in a mischievous form. It blurs the facts about land-based aviation, ties our hopes to the most vulnerable vessel afloat, diverts materials and energies from the proper weapon and tends to obscure the essential air-power character of the present conflict.

It must be recognized, too, that a large part of the apparent change

of heart on the part of Navy leaders in switching their faith from the battleship to the carrier springs from a natural determination to seize control of land-based aviation from the Army — to tie it to the tail of their carrier aviation kite. If they succeed, it would be literally a disaster for the United Nations war effort.

For victory in a minimum length of time, our air forces must be handled by men of demonstrated aviation ability, familiar through long years of training and thinking with the proven principles of air power as a primary strategic weapon of offensive warfare. The job simply cannot be done by men who have tolerated the airplane as a necessary nuisance in an auxiliary role and insist on believing — or just feeling in their bones — that the Navy, despite everything, must come out on top.

American aviation today has men capable of leading it in the spirit and the techniques essential to aerial victory. They need only the chance to use their land-based weapons free of the inhibitions of an outmoded tradition. Given that chance, they can save us years of bitter trial and error.

DEMOCRACY works by force of habit, dictatorship by the habit of force.

► *A candid close-up of
Huey Long's best pupil:*

GERALD SMITH'S BID FOR POWER

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

GERALD LYMAN KENNETH SMITH is "the gustiest and goriest, the loudest and lustiest, the deadliest and damndest orator ever heard on this or any other earth. He is the champion boob-bumper of allepochs." So runs H. L. Mencken's appraisal of this Mark Antony of the canebrake; and indeed no man's observations of Americana can be complete until he has watched Gerald L. K. Smith in action. The man has the passion of Billy Sunday. He has the fire of Adolf Hitler. Words gush from him like water from Moses' rock. He is possessed of a fierce religio-patriotic fanaticism — not all of it synthetic — and he hates Roosevelt as he hates the Devil. He is the stuff of which Führers are made.

Since that hot September day in 1935 when he delivered his Mark Antony speech over Huey Long's bier, Gerald Smith has lived off His People. For the last three years he has headquartered in Detroit, where he speaks each Sunday night over a powerful radio station. He

publishes a paper called *The Cross and The Flag*. His income now is about \$1500 a week. It has been as high as \$4000 a week and it may reach \$5000 a week before November 1, because Smith is making his first bid for political office. He is a candidate for the Republican nomination to the United States Senate in Michigan and, if successful in the September primary, he will oppose Prentiss Brown, the Democratic incumbent, in the general election.

"My candidacy has only three possible results!" Smith is roaring to Michiganders. "I will be assassinated; I will be imprisoned; or I will go to the United States Senate!"

I have carefully reviewed Gerald Smith's turbulent career. I have waded through heavy dossiers prepared by organizations that consider him a full-fledged totalitarian menace. I have visited Smith in his comfortable, middle-class Detroit home; I've had dinner with him and his very gracious and intelligent wife, propped my feet on his desk and questioned him for hours.

At his invitation, I have opened and read a fair cross-section of the immense mail he receives, and I have counted the dollar bills attached to penciled letters which convey "the Prayers of The People to a Fearless Leader." I have talked with people who have given him \$10,000, and with people who have given him ten cents. I have their answers to why they gave him money. I believe I know this man whom some regard as a candidate for dictator, and whom others regard as a sort of modern St. Patrick who will drive the Red snakes out of America and save us from "internationalism."

Gerald Smith is an extreme, know-nothing and passionate isolationist. His new slogan is "America First in Peace and War." He wants to put a "hoop of steel" around America after the war has been won and let the rest of the world stew in its own juices. He is convinced that the fight against Roosevelt and the "Nazi-communists" must be waged more furiously in spite of the war. He is quite willing to capitalize on the multifarious discontents in an America at war and he is doping his followers with a brew of theocratic emotionalism at a moment when sober reason ought to be uppermost.

Gerald Smith steers clear of the cruder forms of racial hate-mongering. He invests his slogan, "Christ First in America," with idealistic overtones. All the same, his emphasis on a "Christian America," his simultaneous brandishing of the Cross and the Flag, cannot but have sinister implications in a country familiar with the Ku Kluxers, the Christian Fronters and Father Coughlin's sanctimonious demagoguery. Whatever may be in Gerald Smith's heart, the fact is that his pious and patriotic show is attracting all the assorted xenophobes, anti-Semites, divisionists and appeasers within earshot of his oratory.

Let's skim briefly over Smith's political past. In the early 1930's, he was pastor of one of the largest and wealthiest Protestant churches in Shreveport, Louisiana. He was a big, young, fair-faced, successful gladhandler, weighing about twenty, standing six feet two, with a shock of light brown, curly hair. As chairman of the Shreveport Community Chest, he had proved himself an expert money-raiser and community man. His past was good; he had been born in Wisconsin, the son of an old-time preacher. He was friendly with Huey Long, whose home had once been in Shreveport.

Then Huey got in a jam. While on a visit to New York, he went to a party on Long Island, and during the evening, unidentified persons caught him drunk in the men's room and beat hell out of him. Long's enemies in Louisiana made the most of his drunken brawling. He needed somebody with a decent reputation to defend him in a hurry and such persons were scarce in his High Command. So he rushed up to Shreveport, put on a sackcloth-and-ashes act, and enlisted his big preacher friend.

This is Smith's story of how he edged into politics and I know nothing to disprove it. Long found it profitable to let Smith do the talking while Seymour Weiss and others did the back-room finagling. Smith liked the new element so well that he resigned his pastorate when some of his congregation objected to his alliance with Long. The good pastor was only a few feet from the Kingfish when a bespectacled little doctor rammed a .38 into Huey's stomach and let him have it.

After Long's death, this highly emotional preacher found himself in the middle of a sordid chapter in the history of American politics. He wanted to continue Long's feud with the New Deal, but the practical minded boys in the back

room wanted to get right with Roosevelt and Farley. The boys "got right" over Smith's protest and the transaction has been immortalized as the Second Louisiana Purchase. "Some day I'm going to tell the true story of Long's assassination and of the Second Louisiana Purchase," Smith says. "When I do, it will make Teapot Dome look like a ten-cent-store coffee pot." His implication here is important. Gerald Smith is one smooth cucumber, and when handed a club, he knows how to use it.

There are several stories as to why Smith left Louisiana. The truth seems to be simply that he wanted to continue fighting the New Deal, while the gang wanted to crawl into the Administration's bed. Without a pulpit and without a political connection, he had to go somewhere else to make a living. He emerged from his convulsive Louisiana experience a sadder, wiser and more dangerous man. Having seen Long killed, he developed an assassination complex which dogs him to this day. His intense emotionalism had been given a tortured twist. He had felt the thrill of his own extraordinary power on the political platform. Events had convinced him that he was a Man with a Mission, and the

conviction now dominates his life.

What his mission lacks in clarity and precision, it makes up for in exuberant zeal. The Savonarola of the Swamps came out of the swamps with an assortment of burning beliefs. He believed that Roosevelt was selling out America to "the Reds." He believed that men in the New Deal were responsible for Huey Long's assassination. And above all, he believed that it was his destined task to arouse America to the dangers of "communism, Nazism, atheism and internationalism," and lead America back to the hearthstones of nationalism and the old-time religion. He reached his long arms toward the heavens, tossed back his mane, and uttered his famous Rabble-Rouser Invocation. Often distorted by his more intemperate critics, the invocation went:

"They call me a rabble-rouser. Well, if to love the Constitution makes me a rabble-rouser; if to believe in my mother's Bible makes me a rabble-rouser; if to hate Nazism and communism makes me a rabble-rouser; if to love and defend the American way of life makes me a rabble-rouser — then, God, make me a rabble-rouser!"

Now if this sounds to you like diffuse demagoguery, please remember

that the stuff is packed with emotional dynamite for precisely the kind of people Gerald Smith wants to rally. That's what makes Smith a significant American phenomenon.

II

In 1936, I met Smith for the first time. He was in Birmingham to make a speech for Lemke. I had breakfast with him in a hotel coffee shop. When we entered the shop, he walked around and shook hands with everybody. Even the waitresses.

"I'm Gerald Smith," he told each one. "I'm here to make a speech against the vermin that are trying to destroy America. I want you to come out to hear me to-night."

When we sat down and began talking, he kept his voice raised so that everybody in the room could hear him. He noticed that several were straining to catch my questions and said: "Talk a little louder, won't you, Mr. Huie? So that these other good people can hear you."

Smith had no organization in Birmingham. No publicity. During the afternoon, he went to a radio shop and hired a loudspeaker system able to fill the city park. He also hired a broken-down truck and

drove it over to the park. He had no one to introduce him to a crowd and he had no crowd. Shortly after sundown, he crawled up in the back of the truck and began speaking to a dozen park sitters and myself; I was there merely as a reporter.

After speaking two hours, Smith had a crowd of perhaps fifteen hundred. The sheer novelty of hearing someone attack Roosevelt in Alabama attracted some of them. Smith had them roaring at his histrionics. Completely wet with perspiration, he rushed over to a water pitcher for a drink. He grabbed the pitcher in both hands and gulped away, with water pouring down his open shirt front. Then he waved his arms and hurled some more imprecations at "the money-changers and sons-of-Beelzebub" enthroned in Washington.

At the end of the two hours, Smith pulled the stunt that he often uses. "Now, my fellow Americans," he said, "I am wet from head to toe as you can see. I'm gonna take a twenty-minute intermission to change my clothes. While I'm gone, if you have some friends who should hear this gospel, call them up and invite them down here."

Then he deliberately turned his back on the crowd and walked off. When he came back, freshly

dressed, the crowd was much larger, and when he quit speaking two hours later, he had a crowd of three or four thousand begging him to continue. It was the most amazing platform demonstration I have ever witnessed. Smith laughed in Detroit when I reminded him of his clothes-changing trick. "You know the first time I tried that intermission stunt, I was scared stiff," he confessed. "I was afraid the crowd wouldn't stay. But I've used it hundreds of times since then and I've never failed to find a bigger crowd when I got back.

After the 1936 campaign, he came into New York and embarked on his most ambitious venture — the Committee of One Million. He announced a crusade based on "seven basic principles," to wit:

1. To rebuild the spirit of America.
2. To wipe out to the last vestige Communism, Nazism and Fascism in all forms. And here we express our bitter objection to all schemes to compromise the sovereignty of America, such as Union Now with Britain.
3. To redefine the American national character.
4. To instill a new spirit in American youth, dedicated intellectually and physically to the maintenance of American institutions.
5. To issue a call to farmers and laborers to resist what is now known to be an international plot to make them part of a world revolution. (This is the anti-CIO plank.)

6. To rededicate the citizenry of America to the family altar and to the spirit of the Church.
7. To secure the maintenance of a well-defined standard of American living.

These "principles" obviously are distinguished by their nebulosity. They rebuild and redefine and rededicate vaguely, in the name of mother, flag, hearthstone, faith — all sure-fire, corny sentiments. Though they may not measure up as a program of action, they touched the hearts and the pocket-books of some of our Best People.

"I proceeded as I thought everyone had to proceed in New York," he told me. "I was fighting a battle; I had to have money to fight it; and I accepted support from anybody who offered it to me. If I am standing in a pulpit and Al Capone comes in and drops a thousand dollars in the collection plate, I'm not going to refuse to take it. And my congregation has no right to suspect me unless they see me and Al in conference and I wind up naming a new wing of the church for him."

This explanation may satisfy Smith's moral code. But while he didn't name churches for these Capones, neither did he rise to denounce them. Some of the same Capones were also sweetening the collection plates of Fritz Kuhn and

other outright apostles of the Hitler gospel. It must be said, however, that there is no evidence that Smith ever spoke kindly of either Kuhn or Hitler; neither is there the slightest evidence that his money came from "Nazi sources." It wasn't as simple as that.

Those who try to connect him with foreign organizations and to label him with foreign labels don't begin to understand the American phenomenon that is Gerald Smith. If he were just another Kuhn or Pelley, he would not be worth this extended consideration. The point of the story is that Smith is pre-eminently an American product. His political potions are brewed in the USA, of American ingredients. When he makes the eagle scream, it's the authentic American bird. And he is financed by American dollars.

One of the first rich men Smith met in New York was the multi-millionaire Horace Dodge. Mr. Dodge's friendship seems to have been one of the factors which influenced Smith to move to Detroit after he had folded in New York. He also met one of the women of the Pullman family and she gave him substantial help. Most of Smith's New York money, however, came from moderately wealthy dowagers and retired stockbrokers

—frantic folk who thought they felt the hot breath of the masses on their powdered necks. I have a long list of their names before me, taken from files which were seized by the Pennsylvania Hotel management when Smith's headquarters in that hotel was unable to settle a final bill of \$180. The files were purchased from the hotel by one of the organizations which is opposing Smith.

After the Park Avenue crowd cooled off and left him broke and hungry, Smith cruised around the nation peddling his faith cure for communism to various industrial groups. Industrialists found him dependable. If a community was plagued with sit-down strikes, Smith could go in with his gospel of Americanism and the old-time religion and get results that pleased those who hired him. His oratory really worked, even though his words reached only a small fraction of the workers involved. In a dozen Pennsylvania towns, in Akron, Flint, Toledo, Chicago and Detroit, he went in and made speeches to workers. The CIO picketed the meetings, then hissed and booed and tried to break them up. Sometimes it would be an hour before Smith could get them quiet. But, somehow, he always quieted them and made them swallow his dose.

And always he had bigger crowds when he finished than when he began.

During this wandering period, Smith lived on donations from corporation officers and manufacturers' associations.

"Sure I know that some of the money given to me was given in violation of the law governing corporate expenditures," Smith admitted candidly. "I took the money because I felt that somehow the work had to go on — that this country had to be saved from those who are depleting our spirit and our substance. I have never changed my principles to suit any rich man. . . . I have taken money from rich and poor alike, and given them value received to the best of my energy."

III

In 1939, Smith settled in Detroit. There are several theories as to why he selected Detroit, but here is his own explanation.

"I wanted to get back close to the people. The people are much more dependable than a few rich men and women. While I depended on a few rich men and women for support, my whole movement was insecure. But I've got a rock foundation now, because I get \$1500 a

week from good, sound, middle-class Americans who send their dollars in one at a time." Another reason he came to Detroit, he says, is because it has a powerful radio station which will sell him time: "My radio addresses are heard in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and in these three states, you are close to the kernel of America. No President has ever been elected unless he carried two of them."

Other considerations may have influenced his selection of Detroit. I have mentioned his friendship with Mr. Dodge and there is an unverified story that Henry Ford paid for his radio time during his first year. I asked Smith: "Does Mr. Ford help finance your program?" He answered: "No. Mr. Ford and I do not have any organic or financial connections. I am a great admirer of Mr. Ford and he says he is a great admirer of me."

Many of the lesser industrialists around Detroit make no attempt to deny their contributions to Smith. "Sure, I've given Smith money," one of them said. "Most of us have given him money out here. When the Reds drove this town crazy, Gerald Smith was the one man who could get results fighting them. Murphy didn't know what the hell to do. The President did nothing. Smith knew

something to do; he did it; and we paid him for it."

In 1940, Smith reluctantly supported Willkie. He warned his people that Willkie left much to be desired, but he called on them to vote for him "since there is obviously no other course for old-fashioned, God-fearing, baby-having Americans." This support is conceded to be one of the reasons why Willkie carried Michigan. Smith now refers to Willkie as "that Fifth Columnist within the Republican Party."

Smith did not join the America First Committee, but he followed the America First line. He applauded the Lindbergh Des Moines speech, which attacked the Jews, and he sent a petition against war to Congress with a million names attached. The petition was presented to the Senate by Senator Vandenberg, who uttered some cautious words about the "inspiring leadership" of Smith in the midwest. For several weeks, Smith spoke from Washington over an expensive radio network, denouncing the President's war policy.

Smith's relation to Father Coughlin is intricate. I am told that the two have not met since 1936, and in his present campaign, Smith is taking a shrewd, opportunistic position. That he will get the

Coughlin vote is conceded and he will do nothing to endanger this basic support. At the same time, he manages to avoid too intimate identification. What can he do if the Coughlinites adore him? Here is our dialogue concerning Coughlin.

- Q. What is your present relation with Coughlin?
- A. My relation is exactly the same as my relation would be to any other American citizen in the same position.
- Q. What do you mean by "same position?"
- A. Here is a Catholic priest, in good standing under the Archbishop, who is being persecuted. His right of free speech and free expression is threatened. As an American who believes in the Bill of Rights, I am his defender.
- Q. Do you expect the support of the Coughlin organization?
- A. I don't think there is a Coughlin organization. I expect the support of everybody who feels as I do about Father Coughlin.

In his daily mail, which Smith allowed me to read, I estimated that about one out of five of the letters mentioned the fight for "our dear Father Coughlin." And Smith stampeded the last meeting of his "one thousand picked leaders" when he shouted: "While our sons die on thirty-one world battlefields to preserve the Four Freedoms, people in America and Michigan, including Father Cough-

lin, are in danger of losing their Four Freedoms."

In short, he is far too clever to follow the Pelley-Winrod techniques of rabble-rousing. He prefers to solace the Coughlinites without being one of them. And in about the same way, he accepts the most rabid anti-Semites without being one himself. Not for him the *Protocols of Zion* insanities, even while squeezing the last ounce of political value out of racist obsessions.

Gerald Smith, of course, vehemently denies that he is anti-Semitic. Harking back to the Long days, he points out that some influential Jews in Louisiana supported Long. Weiss and Abe Shushan were in the Long high command. He has a dossier of about twenty letters from prominent Jews and Jewish organizations praising him for his fairness and his work. On his record of contributors are the names of at least ten prominent Jews. His final ace-in-the-hole is the support of one of the most successful Jewish lawyers in Detroit. I called on this man and he told me: "No, I'm not worried about Smith's anti-Semitism. There's no use of our trying to make anti-Semites out of all these isolationists and Roosevelt-haters."

All of which may signify only

that Smith is a shrewd operator, and that a Jewish lawyer who represents great wealth in Detroit reacts like any other big Detroit corporation lawyer. There is strong doubt whether Smith is for the racial hate-mongers. There is no doubt whatever that the racial hate-mongers are for Smith. Until he speaks out boldly against this evil breed, until he rejects friendships which he now displays proudly in his paper, he can expect from sober-minded Americans only the verdict that he is a dangerous demagogue, willing to exploit the lowest prejudices to his own advantage.

IV

Smith's Senatorial campaign may furnish the year's most important test of public sentiment. Here is the extreme isolationist and Roosevelt-hater taking the initiative against a first-term New Deal incumbent. If Smith is nominated, the fight will not be merely between Republicans and Democrats; it will also be a bloody battle between those who want to boot out Roosevelt and Wallace and those who want Roosevelt and Wallace to conduct the war and make the peace.

Smith insists that the war is not

an issue; that he is 100 per cent for fighting the war to victory. On his side, nevertheless, will be all the disgruntled groups who, for various reasons, resent the war and want to crucify somebody for "taking us into it." On his side will be all the people whose voices have been the *Chicago Tribune* and the late unlamented *Social Justice*. That, however, does not dispose of Smith. Quite the contrary. Only those who prefer to delude themselves deny that this kind of following is large, potent and eager for the chance to assert itself offered by the catch-all slogans of a man like Smith.

Smith has been quick to exploit every event that could be used to stir up anti-Administration emotion. The Walsh case came almost as an answer to his prayer. The *New York Post* printed a story in which Senator Walsh, isolationist and Catholic, was accused of homosexuality and near-treason. Then the President's own spokesman in the Senate branded the story as a "despicable attempt at character assassination." All of which provided a field day for the *Chicago Tribune* and Gerald Smith, with farfetched charges of a "sinister plot" by New York "interventionists."

Paradoxically, both the release

of Browder and the Biddle decision on Bridges have strengthened the Smith and the *Tribune* element in the Midwest. If one was expected to balance the other, the idea missed fire. The President's statement that he was releasing Browder "in the interest of national unity" sounded like a sarcastic jest to a lot of people.

In some of Smith's letters which I read, I found Michigan dairy farmers asking him whether or not they should join John L. Lewis' District 50. I asked Smith what his reply was to such letters. "I am advising all of my farm people to join up with Lewis," he answered. "I think Lewis can help the dairy farmers, particularly." Smith, in fact, is counting heavily on this labor leader's support and it is widely presumed that he will get it. The combination of John L. Lewis and Gerald L. K. Smith in some future hour of national crisis is one to send tremors down any healthy American spine.

Competent observers in Detroit believe that Smith has a chance of winning the nomination. As this is written, his only opponent is Elton R. Eaton, publisher of a newspaper at Plymouth, Michigan. Efforts to bring out stronger opposition have failed thus far and the fact that some Republicans are

already declaring for Brown indicates a fear that Smith will win in the primaries in August.

However, as between Smith and Brown, the best prediction is that Smith will be defeated. Much may hinge on whether he is endorsed by Vandenberg. Thus far Smith has been endorsed by isolationists like Nye and Woodruff, but Vandenberg and the Republican organization have remained aloof. The only gesture was Vandenberg's kind remarks when he presented Smith's anti-war petition to the Senate. But if Vandenberg chooses to make Smith respectable to the middle-of-the-road Republicans during the campaign, you may see Gerald L. K. Smith in the next Senate.

Smith is forty-four now. He is not as rambunctious as he was six or eight years ago. He is shrewder and more calculating. He lives quietly with his wife and nineteen-year-old-son. He belongs to a church in Pontiac and occasionally preaches there.

"I have to live so carefully," he explained to me. "I know that my enemies will smear me or kill me if I give them the slightest opportunity. I never leave Detroit without Mrs. Smith. I never walk to a platform except alone or with Mrs. Smith. I know that if I left without her I would have the

'other woman' smear thrown at me, and if I walked to a platform with a young man, I would be smeared as a homosexual."

Last year Smith reported a gross personal income of \$6700. He lives in a rented furnished house. "I have nothing," he says. "I support my father and mother, my son and my wife."

The almost uncanny resemblance of his career to the career of Adolf Hitler strikes you at once. Hitler had his Thyssen; Smith has his Fords and Dodges. Hitler's appeal was to the Little People; Smith has thousands of Little People praying for him and supporting him. Hitler preached extreme nationalism, baby-having and a new religion; Smith preaches nationalism, baby-having and a return to the old-time religion. Hitler was a master of platform emotionalism; Smith is an even greater master. Hitler had his Jewish supporters; Smith has even more. Hitler rose on discontents growing out of a war; Smith stands ready to capitalize on similar discontents.

I said to Smith: "This is war-time. Americans are dying all over the world. We have our backs to the wall. So do you expect us to accept as proper your efforts to array all the discontented against the war leadership?"

He thought for a moment, then answered: "Yes, my actions are proper because only thus can we defeat our enemies. Are not our enemies trying to capitalize on the war? You go to Washington often. Have you not sensed the *sadistic glee* with which Leon Henderson is deflating the American standard of living? Would you deny that Harry Hopkins and Aubrey Williams welcomed this war as an opportunity to fasten upon the American people a degree of regimentation from which we can never recover? Would you deny that the Reds are trying to make capital of our military alliance with Russia? If we are to prevent the American way of life from disappearing from the earth, we must fight both at home and abroad, and we must fight with the weapons at hand."

That, we may be sure, will be the burden of Gerald Smith's campaign appeal. No consideration related to unity in the war effort can conceivably curb his fanaticism or bridle his missionary zeal in behalf of Gerald Smith, Man of Destiny. Should he succeed in reaching the Senate, he would at once become the magnetic center for all the desperations and discontents engendered by the war and the New Deal. In the post-war reaction, he would no less surely

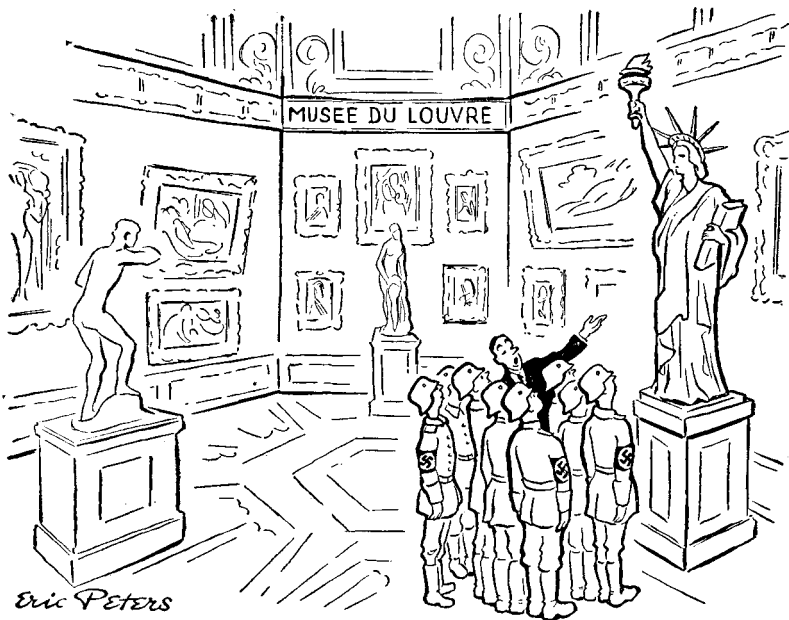
become spokesman for the most irrational types of isolationism.

Smith believes that the normal rebound from the war will put him and his friends in power. He said to me in all earnestness: "After the crucifixion comes the resurrection." And he repeated a conversation he had with Senator Reynolds of North Carolina. "They're givin' us hell now, ain't they, Gerald? But just wait, boy, just wait." Gerald wants to do his waiting in the Senate. As we moved out into

the Statler Hotel lobby, I asked him if he expected to win this fall.

"Yes, I believe I'll be elected," he answered. "But don't forget that Lincoln lost his Senatorial race — and yet he won his fight." Gerald Smith didn't smile after this solemn statement. I smiled, but he didn't.

If Gerald L. K. Smith reaches the Senate, the place vacated by Huey Long will be filled by an infinitely more dangerous man.



"This is important, Messieurs, but difficult to explain. . ."

► *From the war notes of a
Paramount cameraman.*

A NEWSREEL MAN SHOOTS THE WAR

BY TED GENOCK

MAY 1940: I spent eight weeks with His Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean. Most of this time I was on a cruiser which now lies on the sea-bed off Crete. I was able to film the first Italian naval casualty of the war, but I must admit that the experience was a professional disappointment. When it happened, we were on normal convoy protection duty. Our Sunderland flying boat patrol signaled three enemy destroyers ahead, whereupon we changed course and, at sunset, sighted the ships in silhouette along the horizon.

We opened fire at seventeen thousand yards. Then, for an hour-and-a-half, we played the drama of a running sea battle against a backdrop of wine-dark water and fading sunlight. But the photographic difficulties were considerable. I was set up on the lower bridge of a cruiser which was slicing the water at thirty knots and I was shooting, necessarily, directly into the sunlight. Salvos from our guns blasted in fierce concussion along the starboard decks. And we were steaming

into a sea rough enough to send wave after wave of feathery spray over the camera. While I wiped my lenses and cursed, we got a direct hit on the leading destroyer, the *Espero*, but before we could get within photographic distance of the dying ship, the double-crossing Mediterranean sun dipped into the water and left me in darkness. It was the best naval battle sequence of the war for me, but I was robbed of the photographic climax and shall always regret it.

However, my newsreel experience had been pretty well overcast by one major regret which dwarfed the small disappointments. I regretted bitterly, and still do, the way cameramen were treated by the British at the start of the war. I had covered the Berlin Olympic Games in 1936 and observed how Hitler was planning already to make films a new weapon for war. A hundred cameramen, for example, worked with Leni Riefenstahl on the Olympic Games picture, which was the first Nazi propaganda film effort. But when I went back

to England and began pleading for a British film organization to combat the powerful Nazi outfit, I accomplished exactly nothing. At the time Hitler moved into Norway, three hundred cameramen were attached to his combat units; the BEF embarked for the same place with only *one* cameraman. My newsreel company used *thirty-two* cameramen to handle the Grand National Steeplechase effectively, but the British War Office ruled that one man was enough to cover the British effort in Norway.

Later, in 1939, the Nazis produced a newsreel of the massive pounding of Gdynia. It was a sadistic masterpiece, accomplished by placing cameramen in vantage positions before the attack was begun! And while the world viewed the nerve-paralyzing efforts of the *Wehrmacht* in Poland, we Allied cameramen were allowed to supply only scenes of good fellowship from the Western Front — British troops playing football with the French at the Maginot Line, Tommy Atkins chasing a turkey for his Christmas dinner. No wonder our side thought it was a “phony” war.

September 1940: For two weeks — out of the hot and dirty months I spent in Eritrea and the Egyptian Sudan — I lived at a desert air-

drome, tucked away in the Red Sea Hills. All the boys in that squadron are gone now, God rest their souls, but in their heroic time, I shared with them lively bombing raids on Italian fleet units at Massawa.

On the first morning of a scheduled raid, I sat in the pilot’s cockpit, chewing gum and watching the black African sky turn gray in the east. My cameras were loaded, and in the fuselage, in the normal camera position for bombing, my automatic Newman was fixed, ready to be switched on by the rear gunner when the signal for bombing came from the forward observer.

The sky brightened. I began filming some of the wild, mountainous country below us. Filming without oxygen at fifteen thousand feet is no easy job. You tire quickly and become nauseated. Presently we were over the Red Sea, approaching our target, and the pilot passed me a note: “Should be over Massawa about five minutes. Okay?” Then a quick scrawl: “Here goes. Good luck.” We dropped from sixteen thousand feet to two thousand feet over the harbor target. I stood up in the cockpit and caught the ground flashes and the snaky curves of tracers across the nose of our ship. A sudden lift — the bombs were away. The light was excellent and I thought of my Newman turn-

ing away in the fuselage, filming those down-rushing bombs and catching the explosions on the targets. The shots should be good; conditions were perfect. We banked and turned. I saw the ship at our right disintegrate, hit by an ack-ack shell. I took some shots of our pilot and caught the calm intensity of his face. The gunners fired away at a fighter on our tail.

Back again at the airdrome, we learned that our bombs had scored direct hits on submarines tied up in the harbor. My Newman would have it all on film. Then the rear gunner said: "Say, chappie, I'm sorry, but you know I got so damned busy with that Eyetic on my tail that I forgot to switch on your camera."

Three days later, over Massawa, I got shots of our bombs falling and striking their targets. The pictures that were seen all over the world showed this sequence: scenes of preparation for the raid, the planes taking off, the pilot and gunners at their positions, the plane approaching the target, the observer sighting, a close-up of his hand pressing the bomb release — and then the bombs falling powerfully on Italian ships. No one knew — I hope — that the bombs didn't really hit those ships until three days later!

November 1940: I bumped along the mud-churned roads of Greece in a car that once belonged to Venizelos. Traveling through the night, jammed in the midst of mule convoys, listening to the creak of wagon wheels, the crack of whips and the yells of drivers — the whole atmosphere was theatrical and unreal. The Greeks were going into battle with much the same equipment they had used in 1912.

March 1941: A cable reading "Proceed Singapore fastest" sent me in nine days from the dry heat of the Eritrean foothills to the moist lassitude of Singapore. A strange, peaceful, Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere pervaded the place. People prepared for war as though it were a fancy-dress ball. Everyone thought the Japs were bluffing. They could be bought off at the proper time.

I filmed the life of the country: civilian activities and reviews of the armed forces, landings of Empire troops. I asked one commanding officer whether Tommy guns were supplied. "Oh, yes, we're equipped," he told me, "but we don't issue them to the troops. They'd use up too much ammunition."

One day, with a General, I made some pictures on one of the stra-

tegic islands. "Whoever holds this island, holds Singapore," the General told me. We walked toward the shore and passed through a rubber estate. A Japanese came out of the estate's main office and objected vociferously to our walking over the land. "Take no notice, there's nothing we can do about it," said the General. "We're not at war, you know."

May 1941: On my way to cover the march into Syria, I saw the effect of enemy film propaganda. In Thailand, where the natives were trying to make up their minds whom to help, a theatre showed a two-hour German "warning" film: the Nazi machine in action, Hitler signing treaties of friendship with "wise" neutral countries. When the film showed German bombers being loaded with land mines, the audience whistled in awe at the size of the explosives. They were obviously impressed.

I saw the hardest fighting of my war experience in the Syrian campaign. One night I slept in a Palestinian orange grove with an Australian tank column. We expected to be in Beyrouth in two days, but it was a month before we got there. Instead of a peaceful penetration, there were enormous casualties. We were bombed and machine-

gunned, and to cap our indignities, we were shelled from the sea by French warships. The Australians suffered greater losses than in the whole of the Libyan campaign.

November 1941: In the Western Desert, the idea was to push General Rommel into the sea. Instead, Rommel did most of the pushing and he certainly gave me the uneasiest moments in this war.

During the first three days of the fighting, I got some swell shots of our tanks advancing and being engaged by Stukas and machine-gunning Junkers. I made these shots from underneath the belly of a Valentine tank, a spot where you feel reasonably safe from overhead machine-gun fire. By the fifth day, however, our attack had cracked up. It was every man for himself, to elude that accursed Rommel.

The most harrowing experience came when Rommel's tanks broke up what was intended to be a dinner on the desert; we had to spend the rest of the night in a minefield. After five days of almost constant movement, a half dozen of us had found a quiet spot and were preparing to eat and bed down. Our slit trenches, for sleeping, were dug and our "desert oven" — an empty gasoline tin riddled with bayonet holes on one side and fed with

wood — was functioning perfectly. Canned stew, all the way from Minneapolis, simmered in the pot. The other boys were lying around in salivary expectation and I was shaving my five-day growth of sand-encrusted beard when hell broke loose.

What was left of a supply convoy came roaring over a hill and voices began yelling for us to run. Rommel's tanks were close behind! I tripped over a precious pan of water and, with half of my face shaved, I joined in the wild flight. Never did I hate to leave Minneapolis canned stew so badly. After about ten miles of running, during which we were machine-gunned twice, two carloads of us left the convoy and struck out in a direction which we hoped would lead us to British Headquarters. I was driving the front car when suddenly the machine was lifted off the track by a shattering explosion. Somehow, we all crawled clear of the wreckage, to the astonishment of those in the following car. We had stumbled onto a minefield in the darkness and there was nothing to do but lie rigidly in position until daylight.

We shivered all night long. In the morning, all around us, we could see the splurges of lighter-colored earth which indicate buried mines.

One brave soul managed to turn the second truck around. We picked our way carefully to it, then retraced our way in the same tire tracks for three miles until we could breathe easily again.

December 1941: After Pearl Harbor, I was ordered to Manila. At the Rangoon airdrome, on our way to Singapore and Batavia, we were joined by General Brett, who had flown down from Chungking with a squadron of the Flying Tigers. The Japs didn't know it, but I can disclose now that they came near to shooting down the plane carrying both Wavell and Brett.

As we flew toward Singapore, within short range of Medan in Sumatra, the radio operator discovered that the Japs were attacking Medan airdrome. We banked quickly and hovered in cumulus clouds until, at twilight, we landed on Subang, a small island north of Sumatra. Along a flare path of hurricane lamps gathered hastily from the village, we took off in the pitch blackness before dawn in order to arrive at Medan with the first gleam of daylight. We found the airdrome well bombed. The wreck of the westward KLM airliner was still smouldering when we landed.

At Singapore, the whole story of Malayan disaster was told in the

waterfront scene. Ships, laden with precious ammunition, rode at the docks and could not be unloaded because only eight hundred of the 120,000 natives employed at the Naval Base reported for work when the bombing started. The white man depended on the manual labor of the native and the native deserted in the clutch.

In Singapore, the picture of total war had not, even in that black hour, penetrated everyone's mind. I was horrified by one little symbol of blatant complacency — but it is an incident on which I do *not* generalize. Refugees were already leaving Malaya. The piled-up baggage of some of my fleeing countrymen — tennis rackets, golf clubs and other sporting equipment — lay there on the docks, while the refugees cajoled the natives into carrying these relics aboard ship. Where, I thought, are the playing fields of Eton now!

In Batavia, we huddled on the verandah of the Hotel des Indes and bitterly accused all those we held responsible for the loss of Singapore. The pitiful procession of refugees blamed Brooke-Popham and the Air Force and the Indian troops and the natives and even Churchill himself. "It's his damned stupefying oratory," one RAF pilot exclaimed. "What we

need is equipment, not words!" Severe criticism, all this, and perhaps even unfair — but it was charged with the electric bitterness of those days.

January 1942: I'll never forget the thrill we felt when we watched the first squadron of Flying Fortresses land at a secret airdrome in the heart of Borneo's jungle. I set up and filmed the landing. Those trim, eager American boys came bounding out of the big ships and yelled for fuel. They got it. For days, a big gang of natives had shoved small barges down muddy creeks to build up the supply of high-test gasoline in the jungle. The Dutch officer was proud of that gasoline. He was so glad to see the American planes that he wept, but when he saw barrel after barrel of his precious fuel disappear into the big Fortresses, he looked shocked, amazed, and almost resentful. The eight ships drank *nine thousand gallons* of his gold-precious liquid at one gulp!

The Americans had a new and much friendlier attitude toward the newsreel camera. They not only cooperated with me, but every pilot and gunner wanted to get into a picture. I wanted to go with them on the raid, but could find no one to grant permission.

It was an early take-off. The moon was high and bright when the jungle noises were abruptly blotted out by the roar of thirty-two engines. The great ships flew away in a column of two "vicks," with two machines following like guardians in the rear.

Then there was an anxious ten-hour wait for their return. When we sighted the first "homer" that afternoon, the Dutch ambulances and ground crew raced out across the field and I cranked up my cameras. Two more ships were close behind — then another two — then a long wait for the sixth and seventh — and at last a great yell of relief from us when the last one came into sight. There were plenty of bullet holes in the ships, but it had been a perfect raid. Not a man was scratched and the whole bombload had been dumped on a harborful of Jap shipping at Davao.

The Americans laughed and yelled and pounded everybody on the back as they recounted their stories of the triumph. Then we sat down on the edge of the jungle to a meal of rice and native fried bird-meat curry, washed down with drafts of tepid tea. And all during the meal, boogie-woogie music from San Francisco blared out of the short-wave receiver.

We reached Tarakan five days

before the Japanese attacked. Circling over the airdrome, we could see the vivid signs of Nipponese visitors: filled-in craters on the runway, untouched bomb holes on the edge of the field, burned-out gasoline barrels and the cindered remnants of a Brewster fighter, caught as it was about to take off. The pilot landed skillfully, taking a line through the craters, and we jumped out so that he could take off at once and not offer a "sitting bird" target to the Japs.

I made a tour of the defenses at Tarakan with a Dutch staff captain. We walked through the oil fields where the wells were being prepared for blasting. We studied the perfect "fixed-defense" trench systems and enfiladed machine-gun positions along the shores.

"It's perfect according to the 1914 textbook," he said, "but all we can hope to do is hold them off until we can blast all the wells." Five days later, more than half of the suicide squadron was dead at Tarakan. In the delaying action, the last oil wells were dynamited.

I got out of Tarakan only by the grace of God and the strength of a Lockheed. All night long, before we took off, a tropical rain beat down in malevolent fury. Nevertheless, at 5 A.M., we drove in our blitz-buggy through the downpour

to the airdrome. We scarcely dared believe that a plane could fly in such weather, but presently, above the noise of the storm, we heard the beat of engines and our Lockheed dropped down for a landing that churned water over its wings like a seaplane in a rough sea.

We climbed in and hung on grimly to our safety belts as we taxied out in the driving rain only to bog down in the muddy field. The engines raced while the pilot yelled, "Come on out, baby!" Then the machine tore away, and roaring through a curtain of muddy water which blotted out everything, we careened toward the trees at the edge of the airdrome.

February 1942: I spent the last days in Java with the Dutch Army and Air Force. I have ridden with many brave men during five years of war, but none were braver than those Dutch airmen. I flew with them in three-year-old Glenn Martins that they called "suicide crates." They attacked the speedier Jap bombers with great skill and enthusiasm. Always they hoped that the promised Allied aid would not be too little or too late.

I found the Chief of Staff from Tarakan, looking older and grayer. By a miracle, he had escaped from a Jap prison. "We need not have

been worried about your taking pictures of the defenses at Tarakan," he told me. "When those yellow devils arrived, every sergeant had a photographic copy of our most secret locations." He told me how the Japs treated the few white officers they captured alive at Tarakan. They lined up the white officers in front of all the native troops, then humiliated them pitifully. But the native Dutch prisoners were treated sympathetically and given the best of food and accommodations.

For the raids on Bandoeng, I enjoyed the best shooting location I have found during the war. The Dutch Army cameraman, Thiesen, and I rigged up a stand on the roof of the Isola Hotel. The town and airdrome of Bandoeng lay directly below us. I wished that I could stay longer, but when General Wavell was about to leave, I had my last chance to get out of Java. When I said goodbye to my Dutch friends, I felt a personal sense of shame, but there was nothing to be gained by staying and I caught the last ship to leave Batavia. After sleeping on the floor of the after-deck for a week or two, I arrived in Australia. There were six hundred tons of rubber aboard — the last the democracies will get out of the East for some time.

I came to America from Australia for a rest. I have spent five years focusing my camera on the spectacle of free men in retreat. I have watched many brave men die because they lacked equipment and reinforcements. It has been humiliating and disheartening. I have often been resentful of the treatment accorded me by officers who fail to realize the importance of the newsreel camera; who can't understand that free men should see, hear and read the whole truth.

Against the irate objections of my chief, who wanted me to stay in Australia, I have come home because I feel that the only things that matter now are the quantities of raw material available and the hands to mould and fashion our war weapons. It may be only a little time now before the equipment for victory reaches every one of our widely dispersed fronts. Then a cameraman will be in his element again. Inspiring pictures will be there to record.

Fable from the Arabic

THREE POOR ARABS, clad in rags, sat near a wall. They had not eaten for three days except for a few crusts of bread.

One sighed: "Suppose a fairy should come and ask us what we wanted most, with a promise that the wish would be fulfilled. I should ask for roasted lamb every day of the week."

The second said: "I should like a big bag of gold so heavy that I could scarcely carry it — and a bed to sleep in, like a Caliph."

The third said: "I should want to be a king — the king of a beautiful, big, rich country. And in the capital of this country, I should like to have a huge palace, covered with gold. There I would sit on a golden throne and surrounding me would be the most beautiful women of the earth, clad in silks and covered with jewels. Then the enemy would come and besiege the country, and burn the towns and the villages, and come to the palace and carry away the women, and put fire to everything. And I would be able to escape with only a shirt on my back."

The other two stared at him. "Old fool — what good would you get out of *that* wish?"

"A shirt," the Arab replied, ~~d~~eamily.

— ANITA DANIEL

► *His lecture agent recalls
items from a memorable tour:*

WHEN CHURCHILL LECTURED IN THE U. S. A.

BY LOUIS J. ALBER

FOR twenty years, from 1910 to 1930, I did my best as a lecture impresario to book Winston Churchill for a speaking tour of the United States and Canada. He was always too busy. Then, when I had given up hope in 1930, my London agent cabled that the prospects were better. I offered, at once, \$50,000 and all expenses paid for three persons from London and return, for forty-five lectures covering nine consecutive weeks. Churchill accepted; he agreed to arrive early in December 1931.

At once, I was given a taste of his characteristic impatience. Three days before he was scheduled to sail on the *Aquitania*, the elusive statesman cabled that he would like to remain in London three days longer so that he could have his say on the floor of the House of Commons about the India Bill. If I agreed, he would arrive on the *Europa* on December 10. It was not easy to rearrange the itinerary, but I sent a cable at once, agreeing to his request. The messenger boy had

scarcely left the office when the telephone operator announced that Churchill was calling from London.

"Have you received my cablegram, Alber?" his impatient voice sounded in my ear. "It's afternoon; I can't wait all day to find out whether I'm to come on the *Aquitania* or the *Europa*. If I must come on the *Aquitania*, all well and good, I'll do so, as that is our agreement, but I'll be very disappointed for I shall have no opportunity to speak on the India Bill. Mrs. Churchill is coming with me and I'm bringing Diana, also."

All this poured from him in one long breath. Everybody speaks rapidly on the transatlantic telephone, but Churchill frequently speaks *very* rapidly and with considerable vehemence. However, his impatience was appeased this time after I explained that his London "afternoon" was my Cleveland morning, and only 8:30 at that.

When Churchill ultimately arrived, twenty-one hours late, his overwhelming personality struck

me virtually speechless. I had wirelessed him that he would have to go direct from the dock to Grand Central Station and take the train to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was scheduled for his first lecture that night. I met him on the ship at quarantine and, scarcely before the greetings were over, he plunged into business.

"As you are not going to Worcester with me tonight, Alber," Churchill said, "there are two important matters we must discuss immediately. Please look at these." He tossed some papers on the table. I noted, with alarm, that they were warnings from Scotland Yard about the danger of assassination; the Yard had discovered several plots. He was advised not to lecture in certain cities and I saw, with dismay, that he was booked in all of them. Churchill observed my long face and burst out: "Don't look so serious. Nothing could possibly be as bad as you look."

A moment later, he resumed anxiously, "The second important matter is this: can you get me a bottle of champagne to take to Worcester tonight?"

"I'm afraid we'll need to put off making any plans about the plots until you return from Worcester tomorrow, and then we'll call in the authorities," I told him. "But

as for the champagne, I promise to give it immediate attention."

Churchill beamed. "I think I shall like you, Alber. You have put the proper emphasis on the relative value of things. I appreciate your putting the first thing first."

Nevertheless, Churchill was well protected in New York. He had a personal bodyguard, Sergeant Thompson, and two American Secret Service men were on hand constantly. Swarms of plainclothesmen surrounded him at railroad stations in the cities he visited. But on the Sunday night following his initial lecture on Friday night in Worcester, Churchill inadvertently contrived to lose all his protection and get into trouble. When he finished his work during the evening, Churchill decided to call on his friend Bernard Baruch. The Secret Service men did not see him leave his hotel apartment as he set out for Baruch's Fifth Avenue home. To complicate matters, the statesman gave a wrong number to his taxi driver.

"Put me down," Churchill said impatiently, at last, "and I'll try to find the house on foot." The driver complied by stopping exactly where he was, on the Central Park side of Fifth Avenue. The hurrying Englishman stopped at the curb and looked for traffic as one would look

in London, where traffic moves on the left. When he stepped into the street, he was struck immediately by a fast-moving car and arrived in Lenox Hill Hospital a little later with serious injuries.

Churchill did not lose consciousness. He argued with the police that Mario Contasino, the driver of the car, should be released because the accident was not the young man's fault. When I arrived at the hospital, Mr. Baruch and Sergeant Thompson were already there. The injured man was in the operating room under an anaesthetic; Mrs. Churchill was with him. At Mrs. Churchill's request, Mr. Baruch and I were present when her husband came out of the anaesthetic. We watched him struggle to orient himself. He recognized his wife and inquired, in a weak voice: "Well, how are you, my dear?"

"I'm all right," Mrs. Churchill whispered. "How are you?"

"I've had a hard knock," he said, and closed his eyes. Then he must have recalled that there were five lecture engagements for him to fill that week, because he opened his eyes again and murmured: "Whatever will poor Alber do?"

After another five minutes, while he lay with his eyes closed again, Churchill looked up and saw Baruch smiling at him. "Baruch," he

whispered, "what *is* the number of your house on Fifth Avenue?" First, his wife; second, his duty; third, correct the error which had put him where an automobile could run him down. . . . For a week, Churchill's condition remained serious, and for the first four days, it was alarming. On the morning of the third day, Mrs. Churchill telephoned: "Winston wishes to see you, Mr. Alber. Will you please come up to the hospital?" I reminded her that Dr. Pickhardt, the hospital's chief physician, had forbidden visits, but she answered: "You and Dr. Pickhardt do not understand Winston as I do. He has made up his mind he should see you. It will do him more harm not to see you. Please come up."

A half hour later, when Mrs. Churchill had smuggled me past the attendants, her husband said to me: "I have felt I should see you, Alber, if only to tell you how terribly I feel because I've let you down so horribly. However, if I regain my strength sufficiently to travel, and if you can reorganize the lecture tour, I'll stay and go through with it, if you wish me to do so."

Before I could answer, Dr. Pickhardt marched into the room, solemnly followed by three specialists summoned for consultation. Iciness filled the air; Dr. Pickhardt turned

his back on me. But Churchill took in the situation at once. He wrenched himself up on his right elbow and his voice suddenly grew strong: "You know Mr. Alber, Dr. Pickhardt. You met him the night of the accident. He is here to serve me as I insisted he come. Please introduce him to your associates!" Mrs. Churchill came running into the room, alarmed by her husband's angry voice. I left as soon as I could — after a formal introduction to Dr. Pickhardt's three associates.

Next morning, on the telephone, Mrs. Churchill laughed for the first time since the accident. "Winston is much better this morning," she told me. "He really is greatly improved. I think your visit has done him a world of good — it afforded an opportunity to assert himself."

II

When the doctors reported him out of danger, Churchill insisted that I should bring up the young man whose automobile had run him down. He said he thought he "should apologize to the young man for having so abruptly stepped into the path of his motor car."

Twenty minutes later, I went into the room and found Churchill, bolstered up in bed and still swathed

in bandages, exchanging experiences of the accident with Mario Contasino, gesturing freely with his uninjured right arm and talking with the utmost gusto. Then Churchill asked for his fountain pen and a copy of one of his books, which had come from the publishers that week. He scrawled on the flyleaf: "To Mario Contasino, the young American, whose motor car completely wrecked my American lecture tour, December 13, 1931." And he managed to sign his name with the usual Churchillian flourish.

Next day, Churchill insisted that he needed a secretary. From his bed, he dictated a long article describing in minute detail his thoughts and sensations throughout the action. He called it, "How It Feels to Be Hit by a Motor Car," and sold it to an American newspaper syndicate for enough to pay his hospital and doctors' bills, leaving him a profit of \$1500.

Two months' convalescence was enough. The lecture tour got under way and Churchill filled thirty-five of the original forty-five engagements. He even went to several of the cities which Scotland Yard had warned him against, where small groups of embittered aliens from parts of the British Empire had formed societies — Scotland Yard called them "assassina-

tion societies" — to harass anyone who symbolized British authority.

Once, in a Western city, it was necessary to make a quick decision involving Churchill's safety. At the time, the statesman happened to be suffering a severe cold; his voice was only a croak and he went to bed immediately upon his arrival. I had learned that agents of the alleged plotters, possibly the plotters themselves, would be sitting in the audience that night, but we decided not to cancel the lecture. When Sergeant Thompson told Churchill about the matter, the Englishman came trotting into my room in his dressing gown. He was a changed man; his eyes were flashing and there was a pleased but determinedly grim look on his face. His cold had left him and his voice was as resonant as I had ever heard it when he declared: "I'm glad you decided as you have. You are right and I would have made the same decision had I been here. One should never turn his back on a threatened danger and try to run away. If you try that, you will double the danger. If you meet it promptly without flinching, you reduce the danger by half!"

Another revealing incident occurred on the trip when Churchill renewed his acquaintance with Baron Richard von Kuhlmann,

whose American lecture tour I was also directing at the time. Baron von Kuhlmann was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the German Imperial Cabinet during the last year of the World War; for six years before 1914, he had been Councillor at the German Embassy in London. As First Lord of the Admiralty in this period, Churchill had seen much of Kuhlmann officially and they had become friends. But they had not met since the German Embassy staff left London at the outbreak of war and now they were anxious to meet and compare notes in America. A meeting was not easy to arrange: Churchill was in the hospital when Kuhlmann arrived, then Kuhlmann was off lecturing when the Englishman got out again.

At last I was able to report that Kuhlmann could spend three hours with us in Pittsburgh and Churchill directed: "Please send him a wire inviting him to have lunch with me. Make it cordial — in fact, make the invitation very cordial. I expect to ask this Dutchman some questions."

Mrs. Churchill had returned to England and so there were four at the luncheon: the two principals, Diana Churchill, and I. The Englishman asked "this Dutchman" many questions, but Kuhlmann's

answers were evasive. Churchill wanted particularly to find out what happened to the "Dear Willie" letters written to the Kaiser by King George V during July 1914. Churchill believed those letters had not reached the King's cousin, but Kuhlmann insisted he did not know. They discussed the rôle of victor and vanquished in a war. Kuhlmann asked Churchill what he thought should be the attitude of a nation toward its enemies. According to an entry in my diary, Churchill answered:

"In war, a nation should show resolution toward its enemies; in peace, good will at all times; if defeated in war, a nation should show defiance toward its enemies; if victorious, it should be magnanimous to the enemy it has defeated."

At the end of the luncheon, Churchill served some excellent cognac. Charles Schwab had given him three bottles that day — we had organized his friends to keep him supplied as we went along. Kuhlmann smacked his lips and remarked: "Diss iss the best cognac I've had since I come to America. Ditt you bring it with you?"

"Oh, no," the pleased host responded. "I brought no liquor into this prohibition country. I'm enjoying no diplomatic privileges while here. I'm only a private citi-

zen, bent upon making some money. A friend sent the three bottles today. I'm glad you liked it."

When Kuhlmann repeated his assurance that he did like it, Churchill arose deliberately, walked to the sideboard, picked up an unopened bottle, turned to his little audience at the table and began: "Kuhlmann, it was but a few years ago that your people and my people were bitter enemies. We were such bitter enemies, we were desperately trying to destroy each other. But I wish to assure you that I hold no enmity against your people, and none against your country, and none, I think, against your government now — and assuredly none against you, my dear Dr. Kuhlmann. As evidence of this, I shall give you this bottle of excellent cognac."

Approaching the table, he held the bottle in his left hand and tapped it gently with the forefinger of his right hand. "I appeal to you, Dr. Kuhlmann," he went on, "as a man of the world, who knows and appreciates good liquor: when a man who loves good liquor as I love good liquor, while temporarily marooned in a country where good liquor is difficult to get, and who, under these circumstances, deliberately and of his own free will gives to another man, whom only a

few years ago he wanted to destroy, a bottle of this rare and costly cognac — I submit that greater love hath no man."

Four days later, the tour ended in New York. Churchill was scheduled to sail at midnight for England and I shared his last American dinner with him in his hotel suite. At the end of it, he called to his man: "Thompson, will you please bring in the cognac?" Thompson, looking worried, brought a bottle with not much more than a tablespoonful of liquor in it.

Churchill scowled. "There's not enough here, Thompson. Bring the other bottle."

"There is no other bottle, sir."

"There must be. We had three bottles and this is only the second."

"You gave the third bottle to Kuhlmann in Pittsburgh, sir."

Churchill struggled to express his feelings, but his stutter caught him in the throat and his face turned purple. Still grasping the bottle, he turned and glared at me.

"Your Kuhlmann!" he growled. "The God damned Hun!"

III

Churchill's concentration is almost ferocious. He rushes to get his thoughts and ideas on paper whenever and wherever they strike him.

One day, on his tour, he dashed down a hotel corridor, clad in a pair of silk shorts, calling for his secretary. Another time, bent on the same errand, he hurried from his bathroom into the living room of a hotel suite, spraying water in all directions and waving a bath towel recklessly. A grand idea had assailed him in the tub. A few minutes later, his secretary stationed herself at a table outside his slightly ajar bathroom door and took dictation while the statesman bathed.

The Churchill physical characteristics, by the way, have been much distorted. In a matter so fundamental as his size, the descriptions say that he is short, but we measured ourselves one day, standing back to back, and Churchill proved to be less than an inch shorter than I — and I am six feet in my shoes. He is so large that he gives the impression of shortness. Then, too, his legs are a trifle shorter than they should be for his huge, barrel-like body, which adds to the optical illusion.

Another major Churchill characteristic, getting back to the mental side, is his close attention to details, not only in matters of state but in such homely affairs as the organization of a picnic lunch. I recall a bright spring evening when we were to motor from Detroit to

Ann Arbor for a lecture at the University of Michigan. Churchill suggested that we have a hamper packed with supper and dine in the car on the outskirts of Ann Arbor. As an expert on good food, he spent thirty minutes in ordering and describing in detail every item to go in the hamper.

"We want a dozen good sandwiches, waiter," he began. "Substantial sandwiches. Use a good-sized loaf of rye bread; slice it not too thick nor too thin; then trim away the crust. These must be beef sandwiches — substantial beef. And don't slice the beef as thin as usual. Now, waiter, I want you especially to see to it that the beef comes flush to the edges of the bread."

Churchill noted that the waiter was flustered, and drew a sheet of paper from the desk. "Here, like this," he said, and made a drawing of how the sandwich was to look. He drew it to scale, indicating clearly the thickness of the bread, the thickness of the beef, and how the beef should come flush to the edges of the bread. Then he ordered other parts of the meal in the same manner, and made supplementary drawings of at least half the items. The bemused waiter left with a sheaf of gastronomic blueprints under his arm.

But the outstanding Churchill

characteristic, as everyone knows, is his superb gift of oratory. Watching him prepare some of his speeches, I discovered how he does it. When he is planning or writing a speech, he whispers to himself as he writes or dictates and no sentence is put down on paper until he has tested it aloud to himself, this way and that. He talks to himself in order to weigh his words, and balances these words and his thoughts on the delicate scale of his consciousness. As he talks, he seems to fondle the words, finding zest in some, dissatisfaction in others. During this process, Churchill's very round, very red, very Puckish face shows that he savors every moment of the game — so much so that he chuckles at times, and even indulges in gastronomical sounds.

Born with a stutter and a lisp, both caused in large measure by a defect in his palate, Churchill was at first seriously hampered in his public speaking. It is characteristic of the man's perseverance that, despite his staggering handicap, he made himself one of the greatest orators of our time.

Perhaps most of Winston Churchill's many admirable characteristics were summarized aptly in one incident on his American lecture tour. With a small microphone attached to the left lapel of his coat, he was

addressing nearly twenty thousand people in the Maple Leaf Gardens at Toronto when the amplification broke down suddenly, just as he had his audience in a cheering, laughing, applauding mood. Shouts of "louder" changed to "fix the damn thing" as people realized it was the amplifier and not the speaker which was at fault. In a few more seconds, the crowd would have become an uncontrollable mob.

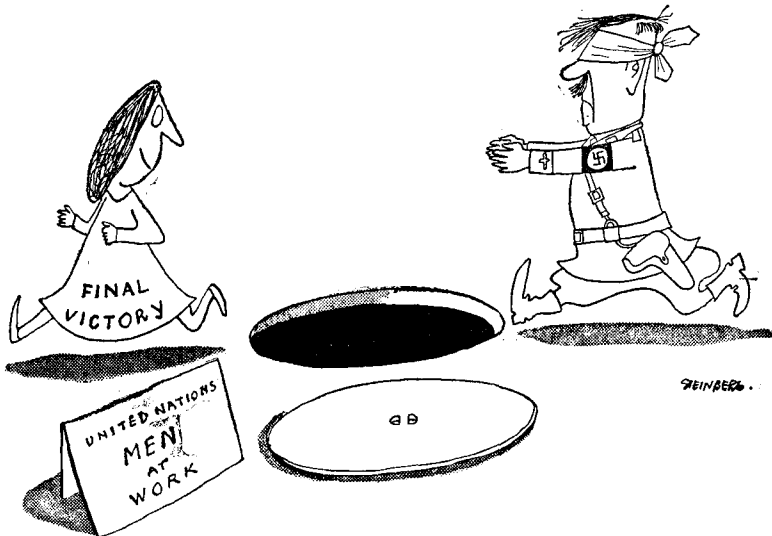
Churchill raised his hands aloft for silence, pivoted on his heels so that those at the sides and slightly behind him could see, then tore the

microphone from his coat, held it up with the wire dangling, and smashed it on the platform. The audience waited breathlessly for him to explode.

"Now . . . that we have exhausted . . . the resources . . . of science," he roared, carefully spacing his words, "we shall fall back . . . on Mother Nature . . . and do our best!"

"Good old Winnie! You can't down Winnie!" the crowd roared back at him.

That was the Canadian verdict in 1932. Ten years later, millions of others confirm that verdict.



Blind Man's Buff

UNION GARDEN BLUES

A Story

BY GEORGE WILLIS

THE ROAR of the Union is continual. Always there is an unceasing hum and the murmurs of the multitude, the tappings of their feet to the rhythms of their songs, the shrill plectrums of their raucous laughter, the bewildered squirmings in their seats at the things they do not understand, and the vulgarities which they profess to cherish. In the Union Garden, you are safe from the night and the lonely meditations, the silent fears, the futilities and the questions Socratic, the muddle of juxtaposed desires, the emotionalism of the writhing id.

The noise and rhythm take the place of thinking. Amid the rumbling of the tom-toms, the torn and broken cries of the trumpet, the hammering and twanging of the piano, there is no need for thinking, nor feeling, nor wanting, nor regret. There is, just simply, being.

The Union could fulfill any desire of physical or biological upheaval. There was no activity of

dissipation a customer could pioneer in the Union. It was thriving.

It was a large rectangle. A bar and dice tables occupied the front. Tables, booths and the minute dance floor were in the middle and the rear was built into a raised orchestra stand sentried by two doors, one of which was for "Queens," the other for "Kings."

Upon the bandstand was a sagging piano, a set of drums with large marine pearl tom-toms in contrast to the other shells, which were white, three or four folding chairs in states of disrepair, an uncased and battered trumpet, and a hole in the wall which admitted vision into the "Queens" receptacle from the drummer's position. There were many holes in the aged, damp-grey plastering, usually covered with Coca-Cola signs and other advertising. And in the rear, there was a room full of broken chairs.

Rusty Warren set his glass, now hurriedly emptied, back on the

Union's bar. As he looked back in the dim, reddish glow of the lamps and the gathering smoke, his drums looked unfamiliar to him, and unfriendly, although they had been speaking back and carrying their part of the conversations they played together. It was as if his own part in these talks, throughout the early pieces they had played, had been monosyllabic; he was pre-occupied with things in which his drums could have but a minor part.

Lou said, "We better get back on the stand."

Lou was the trumpeter, just off the road bands and used to slave driving.

The piano man, Monty Barron, went ahead of them as they moved back to the stand. He wanted to get away from everybody and ride that hammered-down piano.

It was night, now, and the fearful filtered in . . . the pale and puerile, the unsouled and the scarred, the hungry, the bitter, blighted, sex starved, the botched; the thirsty and the lonely.

They walked in to the soft beat of the *Blues* and they liked the *Blues*.

They liked other songs, too. By their songs you could know them. These were the songs they came up to lean against the railing around the bandstand and ask for,

and leave dimes for. And then there was the way they asked for them.

A little, rotund man with a pink, perspiring face and bald, shining head came up and leaned, hiccupy, on the rail.

"Alexander's Ragtime Band," he said. "Can you play it?"

"Sure," Lou said. "Sure we can play it."

"Less play it then," he said, prancing on one foot and then the other. He turned toward the bar and bellowed, for all to hear, "Beers. Four beers. Got to get the band drunk," he said. "Then they get hot. Get hot now, boys." He handed each a beer and took one himself. "Get hot now on Alexander's Ragtime Band. Make some noise!"

To play these requests was a duty, a trust far beyond the aspects of commercial pandering. The song each human being asked for made life a little easier for him during the particular three minutes that he heard it. You did want him to have a good time, and more than that, you wanted to relieve some of that pressure which found its meager outlet in his song.

To make the fat man laugh, you played Alexander's Ragtime Band. Then he remembered the time, long ago now, when he could laugh

at almost everything and he and Mable were getting along pretty good, hadn't separated, and the kids were there when he came home from work. He had been unafraid then. Now you had to tell him what a rambling wreck you were, for another beer, and what a hell of an engineer.

Little fat man, class of '21 probably, brought up on booms when even a hell of an engineer could make lots and lots of money; money was what counted with Mable, of course, and now you must not play a Recessional for the hell of an engineer.

You played drums and listened to Lou. Lou could sing out through that trumpet with the cracked bell and tell you how much fun you could have no matter how beat down you were, and how that once you could ride the trouble clear through to the end and fluff it off, you won. It was like "Some of these mornings, you're goin' to wake up a-singin!" It was like George Gershwin said.

Real jazz was such a fluid thing, flowing and pressing outward within the confines of its patterns. Jazz was hollow. Jazz was always just about to tell you something really important. That was when somebody else jammed. When you played for yourself, you were al-

ways just going to get it off your chest, but you never did. You had to get out there in the cold, clear, blue space where the notes and the chords, the melodies of your screaming and your peace, your searching and your finding, your questions and your answers would hang in the air suspended in solid patterns of responsive line, shimmering harmonics in unstatic fire.

It was like loving and hating at the same time, in an agony of eternal, unsatisfied, creative tumescence.

II

Then Irene came up. Irene, whose body was distended, her malleable flesh bloated and her abdomen perpetually swollen as if a law of compensation, the judgment of an inexorable law of nature, had expanded her in a grotesque imitation of the child-carrying she had denied herself. She was a career woman in that profession where a dullness, or a blankness of sensibilities, was essential.

Yet she, too, must have her song. Whether Irene, whose conversations and humor of a broad character were composed in scorn for all, understood the prostitution of art, they did not know. But Irene

paid off in money for her Ace in the Hole.

Whomever she danced with was cajoled in the particular, whining intensity of the street girl into tipping them liberally. Then they would play, and Lou would sing into the microphone, about how you met a lot of guys around the good ole metropole; people like confidence men, shoplifters, card cheats — anybody, in fact, who had no visible means of support — and how they all had at least one last resort for getting money; an Ace in the Hole. Money was pretty important, but she could not be asked why she preferred that song to thousands of others.

Drinking, night after night, made it impossible for her to be reached by anything but repetitions of, "You meet a lot of guys who think they're mighty wise; they gather 'round that good ole metropole." That was Irene's level, her idiom, and perhaps it was well. They had a beer. They played Sunny Side of the Street and thought about Louie. "Life would be so sweet on the sunny side . . . this rover crossed over."

Then a hulk of a man with longish, straggling hair above his soft eyes, a smoothly perspiring skin, red and sensuous lips, came up to the stand. His voice was low

and husky. Would they, could they, play Rose of No Man's Land? They could; they did. For many men requested it. And other songs such as It's A Long Way to Tipperary, and Over There, and How You Goin' To Keep 'Em Down on the Farm? and the whole library of songs about that other war.

However, this man differed from the other taut-skinned, tensed and smouldering drunkards who had not yet been able to step across the chasm into the new world they had created.

"Look at that joker," Lou said. "Looks like he's crying."

"By golly, you're right," you said from behind your drums. "Maybe he don't know that war's over."

"Let's play every war tune we can think of," Lou said. "He may as well have a good cry while he's at it. Anybody that would cry about a war!"

About four booths down from the bandstand, this man sat with his head resting on the table and he was crying. He did not look up when a somewhat bedraggled, slightly drunken woman whose abdomen resembled that of pregnancy sat down across from him.

"You shouldn't do that," she said. "Nothing should make you do that."

He did not raise his head, and so, as a last resort, she said, "Look here, now. Cheer up and I'll buy you a drink."

Still he kept his head down and she could see his shoulders shaking with quiet sobbing. The orchestra was playing Charmaine and the trumpet player was singing it a little through his nose.

She pushed his arm cajolingly. "Here, here. Come on, now." He said nothing and so she waved violently to the waitress. "Couple straights," she yelled above the din, "for me and this ungrateful bastard."

At the loudness of her voice, the man finally lifted his massive head and looked at her with beer-bleak eyes, which still let the water dribble down his face and salt his mouth. "Who's a bastard?"

"You are," Irene said. "You and me both. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm just tired, that's all. Just tired."

"Well, I'll be damned," Irene mocked him. "I'm just tired."

The waitress came between them, set down two shot glasses and two Coca-Cola chasers, looked curiously at the crying man and then at Irene, who put down a half dollar defiantly.

"This is on me," she said. "I'm a

sucker for guys who cry. You got to be able to feel something to cry. Most of you guys is numb."

"Thanks," he said, and promptly started weeping again. "I guess it's the songs about that time."

"Yeah? You asked for them, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then what in the hell are you crying about? You got 'em."

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe I just like to cry. I don't know. I can't figure it out." He shook his head sadly.

"You and me," Irene said. "We just can't figure it out."

"I think about that time all the time." He gulped down the whiskey. "Sometimes I wish it was all back then. And then sometimes I'm glad it ain't."

"Yeah," said Irene. "We had some times then. Course I was awful young," she said hastily, "but old enough, I can tell you."

"I got all ready for somebody to shoot me, and nobody did."

"That's too bad." She stiff-elbowed the drink.

"You're kidding me."

"Nope, brother. I'm not kidding you. Nobody could kid you. Not like you can."

"Eh?" He leaned over to her, his eyes still unaccountably shedding streams of tears.

"Look," Irene took one of his hands. "You're a miserable cuss, ain't you? I know what you need. I'm patriotic. I'm willing to give my ~~all to the~~ boys. Why don't you come home with me tonight? What you need is loving, my friend. All you need is love to make you quit your crying. When a man cries like you do, he needs a woman or something for his nerves."

His face brightened for a moment and then he felt bad again. "I sure would, honey, but . . ."

"Yeah," she said. "I'm going whole hog. This is charity."

They got up from the booth and his eyes were drying. He didn't immediately take her arm; he was finishing her Coca-Cola.

III

"Let's play the *Blues* again," Monty said. "I want to try some things."

"Good idea," Lou said. "I want to blow off my lick."

Lou had almost kicked off the beat when the little fat man who liked Alexander's Ragtime Band rushed up with a young, straggle-haired girl who also was drunk.

"Just a minute! Just a minute! I want Alexander's Ragtime Band and I want it right now."

"In a minute," Lou said. "We

got a request for the *Blues*."

He stamped his foot. "I want it right now. Not any time, but right now. Hell, don't I buy you drinks? Don't I?" He turned to the girl. "Don't we, honey?"

"But if they have a request . . ."

"That don't make any difference," he broke in. "What do we care about other people. I want Alexander's Ragtime Band and I want it right now."

"The second tune," Lou said. "Right after this one, we'll be glad to play it for you."

"If I don't get it right now, I'm going up to the manager and get you fired. You wouldn't like that."

Lou got slowly to his feet.

"I hate to bring you down, you hammerheaded little twerp," Lou said, "but if you ever hear that tune, it's going to be second."

"You better get out of here, mister," you said, and waved your drumsticks to the door. "You better get yourself in one of those fancy places where everybody will crawl for you. You don't know where you are."

"This is the Union," Lou said. "We run it here. Now you just shut your mouth and go back to your table before I get mad."

"Take it a little easy, Lou," Monty said.

"Frankly," Lou said. "I think

you're a son and I don't want you heckling me." He waved his arms. "Shooo."

"Why, you two-bit sissies," the fat man said, "can't even play, let alone fight." He put up his arms grotesquely. "Come on."

Lou made a move to go over the railing. "Come on, Lou," Monty said, and his voice was flat and hard, like reins. "Just fluff him off and leave him alone."

"He can't talk that way to me," Lou said. "There ain't a man alive can talk that way to me. I still think he's a son and ought to go home. Ain't you?" he turned again to face the fat man. "You're a son, ain't you?"

The fat man was temporarily speechless as he tried to figure out how to put up a show while backing down.

"I'm going to hit him before he goes home," Lou said. "He ain't even courteous. Are you, you sawed off little bastard. I'm going to bust your nose wide open. Just say something to get me going and I'm going to bust your nose."

"Hey, Joe!" Monty yelled, with long practice.

The bartender came out from behind his bar, wiping his hands on his soiled apron. He came near to the bandstand. "Whasa matter

here," he said. "Whasa matter?"

"This drunk is annoying the people," Monty said, moving his thumb in the gesture of out. "He's annoying us and the people."

"Come on, come on," Joe, weary of his oft repeated task, took the fat man's resisting arm. He fought, sputtering, and so he was hoisted professionally by his collar and the seat of his pants. He went outside.

"Why in the hell do they keep doing that?" Lou asked. "You take a gambler, now, or a thief, or some other guy with manners. They don't do that. It's just these guys. I don't know . . ."

"They live differently in the daytime than we do," Monty said. "They don't use manners. It ain't businesslike."

"Let's play the *Blues*," you said. "I feel like the *Blues*." And, inside, you said, let's make up one. *The Union Garden Blues*. Here is where we live; here is where we are dying. Come to think of it, we *are* the *Blues*.

They had a beer and then they played the *Blues*. *If the blues was whiskey, I'd be drunk all the time, they played, but I drink muddy water, and I sleep in a hollow log. . . . I sent for you yesterday; here you come today.* That was the *Blues*.

We are the *Blues*, you said.

GENERALS ROMMEL AND VON BOCK

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

Germany's military leadership has two distinct ingredients: the old Prussian Junkers and the new plebeian Nazis. The two may co-operate, but they can never mix — a situation loaded with political dynamite. The generals who best typify the two groups are now in command of the African and Ukrainian fronts respectively.

I. ROMMEL THE NAZI

FIELD MARSHAL Erwin Rommel is a big, raw-boned, sandy-haired "bruiser" type who learned to lead men in that toughest of all gangster schools — the Nazi Party. In Germany today his name means "greased lightning." They've even made a verb out of it, *rommeln*, which means to get somewhere quicker than anyone ever got there before.

Germany has never had a general like him and he violates every precept of the military hierarchy. He has no *von* in front of his name. He is not of the Prussian Army caste; he is the son of a Bavarian laborer. Rommel hasn't even had a military career: he left the army in 1918 to become a policeman, Nazi Party member, Hitler tough, saboteur, *Schutzstaffel* (SS) leader,

and politician; he did not re-enter the service until Hitler began to plan his aggressions.

Even then, he was not accepted by the military group, but remained a member of "The Hitler Circus," as the Führer's small staff of personal friends and military advisers was contemptuously called by the real generals. His rise in rank from colonel in 1937 to a full generalship in 1941 broke all speed records in German military history and Hitler made him a field marshal when he captured Tobruk. The advances of his troops in Europe and Africa have set records that still remain untouched. He combines the ruthlessness and unorthodoxy that characterize Nazi leadership with a kind of spectacular bravery and daredevil reckless-

ness that has caught the imagination of the world.

Rommel is a Hitler general in every sense of the word. He owes his career entirely to the Führer, who "discovered" him in Württemberg in 1920 when he was a member of the local police force. He had risen to second lieutenant during the war, and on one occasion had distinguished himself by leading a flanking movement in the Dieussen Valley which won him the *Pour le Mérite* decoration. But there was no place for him in the minuscule post-war Reichswehr and he joined the ranks of the disillusioned, disgruntled army of job hunters.

Nazi military historians have attempted to explain away this embarrassing hiatus in Rommel's career by saying that he was a member of the Black Reichswehr, a secret organization of army officers maintained in violation of Germany's treaty commitments, and that he had been placed in the police force as a blind. But a friend of the Rommel family related in Berlin that when young Rommel came to him ragged and hungry in 1919, seeking money for a steerage passage to the United States, he urged him to remain in Germany and helped him to secure his police job.

Like thousands of other ex-sol-

diers, Rommel was convinced that Germany had won the war but had lost the victory through political intrigue. Consequently, the visions of restored power and world conquest conjured up by the threadbare fanatic Adolf Hitler in the post-war years fired his imagination. He joined the struggling Nazi Party and used his job on the police force to undermine civic authority and protect Nazi brawlers. He was soon dismissed from the police and became one of the organizers of the black-uniformed SS while he lived from Party funds and participated in the subversive work carried on by the Nazis during the 1920's.

With his uncanny talent for picking leaders from the gutter, Hitler knew that in Rommel he had found a man who would go far and he made him an inseparable companion. Rommel became Hitler's personal bodyguard. For a time, he shared with the Führer's hulking adjutant, Wilhelm Brückner, the honor of sleeping in a cot stretched across the entrance to Hitler's bedroom. During this period, he was also a member of the Gestapo.

When military conscription was re-introduced and the Reichswehr again became a potent instrument, Rommel transferred from the SS to the Army, but he remained with

Hitler as one of his personal military advisers. He also retained his Party membership, in violation of the strictest German Army regulation, and today he wears his Party pin on his general's uniform. Rommel shared Hitler's enthusiasm for mechanized warfare and also believed, with the Führer, that tanks would decide the war for which Germany was preparing. It was a natural consequence that he became Hitler's private *Panzer* chief.

On the sunny morning in September when Germany invaded Poland, Rommel climbed into a cruiser tank and personally led the spectacular mechanized advance that terminated with the annihilation of the Pomorska Cavalry Brigade on the Tuchel Heath and destruction of Poland's main forces in the bloody battle of the Vistula Bend. His leadership in this first active command was so outstanding that Hitler proudly conferred on him the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross. In France, Rommel led his tank division crashing through the Maginot Line at Maubeuge and paved the way for the dash to the Channel ports. Hitler added a clasp to his cross — the highest decoration a German can win.

With only a book knowledge of Africa and desert warfare, Rommel

turned next to the task of organizing and equipping Germany's *Afrika Korps*, or "hothouse divisions," as they were nicknamed. He picked his men personally with the scientific aid of the Tropical Institute in Hamburg. The candidates were inoculated with such Teutonic thoroughness that Germans said the casualties among them were higher than the losses in Poland. Those who survived these multiple shots were trained under simulated tropical conditions, living in superheated houses, going for long periods without water, and maneuvering in artificial sandstorms created on the Baltic beaches by means of huge fans. Rommel also worked on the mechanical details of desert warfare — the refueling and reservicing of tanks with the least possible loss of time, the best method for dropping fuel, supplies and ammunition from aircraft. He even designed special fishskin boots for his men, sunglasses, and refrigeration tanks for transporting drinking water.

A German officer in the *Afrika Korps* composed this pen picture of his chief:

He typifies the *Panzer* commanders of our day. Always in the front rank with his soldiers; coolly disregarding his own safety; seizing every opening to get in a blow at the enemy; exhibiting at all times the incredible recklessness

that we love. In the movement of his troops through the boundless desert waste of North Africa, he personally leads the main column. Beside the swaying antenna, his torso rises out of the turret of his cruiser tank, usually half-enveloped in a cloud of dust. With characteristic abrupt motions of his hand, he gives instructions to his officers. "No one can equal the general when it comes to orientation," his driver says. "Even in the heaviest sandstorm he always arrives at his destination." When the column halts, soldiers and men gather around him. He knows them all by name and has a comradely word for everyone.

His questions are about the welfare of his troops — their water supply and food, their mail and health. He knows every artillery battery and machine-gun nest, every pillbox and observation post. His humor is known throughout the *Afrika Korps* and his rough army

jokes hit the mark as accurately as his leadership. Since the day he landed in Libya, he and his staff have lived in armored cars or tents, seeking their rest on the hot stones and sand of the African desert. From four o'clock in the morning until late at night, he moves tirelessly across the desert, then lies down among his officers and men for a few winks before starting again at the first crack of dawn.

Unlike any other German general, Rommel enjoys the complete confidence of his Führer, and consequently is able to conduct his own campaigns without interference. He is Napoleon in the desert, supreme lord over his *Panzered* realm, never hindered in his actions by armchair strategists.

2. BOCK THE PRUSSIAN

GERMANS call him *Der Sterber*, or, freely translated, "The Killer," and to millions of soldiers fighting at the front, his name means death. He is Field Marshal Fedor von Bock, whom Hitler chose to lead his Ukrainian drive.

This gaunt, pinch-faced Prussian Junker, with the cold, beady eyes of a snake and lips that seldom smile, is Hitler's mass-assault general and he bears principal credit for Germany's tremendous losses in manpower. Soldiers, he believes, should die in battle, except for the most adept, who survive to become

the leaders in the next war. "The soldier's life," he wrote in an order of the day to his troops at the beginning of the Polish campaign, "is only what it is worth to his country, and like a coin, it acquires value only when it is spent." Germans were horrified when he loudly denounced General Ludendorff a few years ago as "that old buffoon who lived too long," and called doddering Field Marshal von Mackensen "an old clothes-horse who missed his bullet twenty years ago."

In his personal life, Bock is an austere military fanatic who allows

himself just three hours' sleep a night on a hard camp bed without sheets, and eats only rough garrison food. When he used to arrive in Berlin for General Staff conferences, the manager of the Kaiserhof Hotel would replace the upholstered furniture in Bock's small bedroom with straight-backed wooden chairs, substitute a folding camp bed for the regular bed, and remove all the pictures.

An American girl tourist who once asked Bock for his autograph was so frozen by his icy stare that she afterwards gasped, "I just saw death on two legs." His periodic pre-war visits to the Lichterfelde Cadet Academy to lecture the embryo officers were always a signal to the mess sergeant to put in an additional supply of strong *schnapps*. "After an hour of old Bock," the sergeant would say, "the boys need a bracer." And the cadets had a toast which ran: "Here's to wine, women and victory. And God preserve us from old Bock."

The remorseless fanaticism of the man who leads Hitler's most critical campaign extends back to the cradle. The son of a Prussian general, Moritz von Bock, he grew up in the small garrison town of Kustrin, a grim citadel of Prussianism in the midst of the wasteland and scrub pines of Mark Brandenburg. It was

here that Frederick the Great was imprisoned as a boy after attempting to escape to England in order to get away from the harsh military discipline imposed by his father. The elder von Bock was a stern advocate of austerity and discipline as the cardinal virtues of Prussianism, and from the age of ten, his young son lived the life of a soldier, drilling with the troops, sharing their long fatigues, and enduring their rough garrison existence.

Unlike Frederick, who attempted to rebel, young Bock became a willing cog in the Prussian military machine. His schooling consisted of blood-and-thunder tales of war told by old soldiers, and death-and-glory lectures by his father: by the time he entered the Potsdam Cadet Academy, he was already a veteran. To his classmates, Bock was a queer fellow who refused to join in their drinking parties and spent his spare moments visiting the tomb of Frederick the Great in the Potsdam Garrison Church, or wandering alone through the historical streets of the old town. They soon nicknamed him "The Holy Fire of Kustrin," and when the Kaiser once visited the Academy and talked with Bock, he afterwards remarked, "He will go far, but let us hope that he never leaves Prussia. No one else would understand him."

By the outbreak of war in 1914, Bock had risen to the rank of captain and was assigned to the General Staff. He chafed under routine staff work until 1917, when, at his special request, the Kaiser sent him to the front as a major commanding an infantry battalion. Bock immediately distinguished himself by leading a series of mad assaults against the French which gained him high praise in dispatches but in two months reduced his battalion to a handful of men. Then, upon the recommendation of General Ludendorff, himself no respecter of the lives of men, he was given the *Pour le Mérite*, highest German decoration for valor, and was sent back to the general staff.

Bock did not shine in the post-war *Reichswehr*, mostly because Germany was surfeited with blood and glory, and he was sent to East Prussia as a garrison commander. At a time when the world was attempting to disarm Germany, he shocked the post-war politicians by proclaiming publicly that wars are not only inevitable but essential as population regulators. He compared them to an endless game of cards. Sometimes one person wins, sometimes another, but the clever player manages to keep his average high. He also advanced the fantastic theory that if land is to bring

forth fertile crops and a thriving humanity, it must be drenched periodically in blood. If German reactionary politicians were inclined to laugh at Bock as an incorrigible diehard, a former Austrian corporal became his eager disciple and Bock traveled to Berlin by special invitation for Adolf Hitler's inauguration as Chancellor before the tomb of Frederick the Great.

Had Bock been more diplomatic and less austere, he could undoubtedly have commanded the German Army that Hitler immediately began to build. But he had sworn an oath of allegiance to the Kaiser and did not believe the ex-paperhanger was the proper person to sit in the chair of the great Bismarck. Nor did he approve of the rabble that the Nazi triumph swept into office. When Hermann Goering rushed up to him at a Berlin reception and, with undue familiarity, declared that, because both had the *Pour le Mérite* decoration, they should be buddies, Bock eyed him coldly and replied: "The same little cross under our collar doesn't make us either military or social equals."

Hitler's admiration for Bock grew. He gave him quick promotion, and in the first of the Nazi military campaigns, the conquest of Austria in 1938, *Der Sterber* commanded the invading German

Army. His organization of that unopposed campaign was admittedly bad; tanks and lorries piled up or bogged down crossing the Alps, with the result that the main units of the German forces did not arrive in Vienna in time for the grandiose parade before Austria's conqueror.

A year later, Bock led one of the armies that invaded Czechoslovakia. Members of the foreign press who covered that second Nazi rape of a small nation got up early one morning to meet the general as he entered the little Sudeten town of Eger. Industrious local Nazis had routed out the whole population and the main street was lined with silent people. A large field car swept into the street and in it we were surprised to see not only Bock but also his twelve-year-old son, dressed in a sailor suit and looking as grim and unpleasant as his father.

Later, when we had an opportunity to talk with him, we asked why he had brought his son on such a potentially dangerous journey. "I wanted to impress upon him the beauty and exhilaration that lie in the soldier's profession," he snapped.

In Poland, where he commanded the northern army group, Bock had his first opportunity to send his men to death and glory. Rejecting the *blitzkrieg* encirclement methods of the other generals, he hurled

his divisions against the Polish defenses at Kutno without regard for losses. Later, in Berlin, he denounced Nazi propagandists who were attempting to pare down the German casualties. "Casualties," he snorted, "certainly we had casualties — thousands of them. Poland is littered with our honored dead. How otherwise could we establish our eternal right to that territory?"

Hitler selected Bock as his specialist in mass frontal assaults, and sent him in 1941 to smash the powerful Russian citadel of Moscow. German bodies piled high in front of the Russian defense lines, and throughout a blood-drenched summer and autumn, Bock raged up and down the front, urging his officers to throw in more men. When depleted regiments were no longer willing to return to battle, Bock demanded three divisions of SS (Elite Guard) troops, trained in the Himmler tradition, and sent them into vulnerable positions. The soldiers realized that, in addition to the enemy in front of them, they now had an even more ruthless one in their midst.

Finally, even Hitler became worried over the alarming casualties and relieved Bock of his command. But when the shrewd strategist, Field Marshal von Rundstedt, failed to reach the oil fields of the Cau-

LIFE WITH THE EXPERTS

{Readers are invited to contribute to this department. If possible, attach actual clipping or other source. — ED.}

A HAPPY thought culled from the *Rotarian* for January 1932, in an article by Stephen Leacock:

And meantime war is drifting the way of all the good old glad things. The old-fashioned Christmas, the old-fashioned dance, the bright old days of the sleigh rides and the log fires are gone, and with them, also, dear old war has got to go.

AN ABLE journalist reluctantly predicts: Edward Hunter, in a symposium called *The Inside Story*, published 1940:

I am forced to report that it is just as inevitable today that Japan will enter the war on the side of England as it was in the fall of 1938 that Moscow would cooperate with Berlin.

WORDS of wisdom that were read, at the time, also in Cologne, Essen, Rostock and other German cities now in ruins: Charles A. Lindbergh, in his Hollywood Bowl speech of June 20, 1941:

No matter how many fighting planes we build in America and send to England, it is not possible to base enough

squadrons in the British Isles to equal in striking power the squadrons that Germany can base on the continent of Europe.

HALLETT ABEND, authority on the Far East, writing in *Look Magazine* for November 18, 1941:

When Japan moved into French Indo-China last July, there was dismay in the Department of State in Washington — but there was jubilation in the Navy Department. . . . “At last,” one of our best strategists said to me, “Japan has stuck its neck out.” This attitude of the Navy bewildered the Department of State until the new strategy was explained. . . . American planes from the Philippines could attack these Japanese convoys from the east. Planes from the Netherlands Indies could harry them from the south. British planes from Singapore and the Malay state could attack . . . etc.

REPORTING from “Inside Asia,” copyright 1939, John Gunther disclosed:

But above all else, Singapore Base is a warning to Japan. Hardly an aggressive gesture. But somewhat of a threat, something of a warning. Singapore Base tells the Japanese, in a language they understand, that the British still mean business in this part of the world.



Meet a man

**The man we refer to is your life insurance agent . . .
and we should like to tell you about four of the im-
portant duties he performs as part of his daily work.**

1. In peace or in war, the agent's duty is to provide you with the kind and amount of life insurance your needs and circumstances require—to make certain that your loved ones will be cared for. This service is doubly important in wartime while many men are away from home and while those who remain at home devote their thoughts to coping with wartime production problems.

2. Your premiums, largely collected by agents, help to build life insurance "reserves." These reserves guarantee that your contract will be paid

when due—and in the meantime they help to finance America's war program. About 24% of Metropolitan's assets are invested in U. S. Bonds. Other millions are helping to finance the industries that are pouring out steel, chemicals, food, and other materials necessary for victory.

3. Metropolitan agents helped to distribute more than 100,000 booklets on health and safety, every working day in 1941. In addition, these agents are distributing this year thousands of diet and nutrition posters in the interest of the Na-

who is busy on 4 home fronts

tional Nutrition Program. Agents are also instrumental in bringing Metropolitan's Nursing Service to eligible policyholders. These are works of peace—but specially significant now, when time lost through sickness or accident slows down the nation's war production.

4. Like all good citizens, life insurance men do their share in civic and community work, in peace or war.

They serve on Red Cross and Community Chest drives, act as air-raid wardens, and help in other defense work. We are proud of the way agents of all companies are helping to install, in offices and factories all over America, the Payroll Savings Plan—the Plan which makes it possible for millions of workers to invest automatically a part of every pay check in War Bonds.

5. All in all, your life insurance agent, indispensable in peace time, is doing *double duty* in wartime. His training and experience are at the nation's service in the interest of victory—on the fighting front in thousands of instances and on all four home fronts in the case of those who must remain behind.

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OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE**

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.





POETRY

SILENT PURSUIT

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

LIGHT fingers to their lips the flying hours
Whisper "adieu! adieu!" Silence alone pursues,
Pursues alone your singing, dancing hours
Who fly like childhood's dream, dissolve like morning dew.

Small flowers fragile against rock, children of Time,
How fresh upon my threshold fell your glances,
Happy the voices in that immortal prime
When all was star-lit eyes and love-locked dances.

I saw your grass-green baskets full of flowers
But in a world so rich ignored each gift,
Wild on the tranquil day descended storm and showers,
And in each golden lute the forced note, the fatal rift.

Shattered each lute, scattered the brook-clear laughter,
Only the errant gold, the closed eyes' inner dark
Lingering, sighing flies. Recall O Time each son, each
daughter,
Who run to islands where lost ships embark.



THE LAST PICNIC

BY STANLEY KUNITZ

THE guests in their summer colors have fled
Through field and hedgerow. Come, let's pick
The bones and feathers of our fun
And kill the fire with a savage stick.

The figures of our country play,
The mocking dancers, in a swirl
Of laughter waved from the evening's edge,
Wrote finis to a pastoral.

Now the tongue of the military man,
Summoning the violent,
Calls the wild dogs out of their holes
And the deep Indian from his tent,

Not to be tamed, not to be stamped
Under. Earth-faced, behind this grove,
Our failures creep with soldier hearts,
Pointing their guns at what we love.

When they shall paint our sockets gray
And light us like a stinking fuse,
Remember that we once could say,
Yesterday we had a world to lose.



OPEN THE GATES

BY STANLEY KUNITZ

WITHIN the city of the burning cloud,
Dragging my life behind me in a sack,
Naked I prowl, scourged by the black
Temptation of the blood grown proud.

Here at the monumental door,
Carved with the curious legend of my youth,
I brandish the great bone of my death,
Beat once therewith and beat no more.

The hinges groan: a rush of forms
Shivers my name, wrenched out of me.
I stand on the terrible threshold, and I see
The end and the beginning in each other's arms.

THE HELMET

BY LESTER EWING

HE is not homeless ever
Who carries his own roof,
In this decisive curving
There is proof.

In foreign lands to battle
And be at peace in none,
How sweet the touch, the wonder,
Oh! this is home.

This curvature of smoothness,
This beauty to the hand,
This is home and hearthside
In our own land.



THE RIFLE

BY LESTER EWING

THIS is the quiet speaker
Who says one bitter word,
One chilling syllable
And is done.

This is the restless vision
That sweeps upon the day
To pause one frozen moment
And turn away.

This is our spirit's hunger
That feeds upon the air,
That looks straight out and softly speaks
To what is there.

OUR ITALIAN FELLOW-AMERICANS

BY EDWARD CORSI

Axis fifth columns have played a big part in the war in Europe and in the Pacific. Now we are at war against the Axis and we don't intend to let enemy sympathizers operate in our midst. We are naturally concerned about the millions of our population who are of German, Japanese or Italian origin. Insofar as they are dangerous, we must take proper measures to restrain them. But we must also be careful not to see a fifth columnist in every plain Italian workingman, for that would be playing directly into the hands of the enemy.

There are some six million neighbors of Italian birth or descent in America. Italians are the most recent of our immigrants. At the same time, they trace their American ancestry to Columbus, Cabot and Vespucci. When someone says that his ancestors came over on the *Mayflower*, the Italian replies that his came over on the *Santa Maria*. And so they did. It was an Italian who first set foot on American soil, who discovered the continent of North America, who gave

America its name. We find the names of Italian navigators, pioneers and soldiers of fortune all through the drama of America's discovery. They sailed under Spanish, English, French and Dutch flags, but they came from Genoa, Venice and other Italian seaports.

Giovanni Da Verazzano first sailed the Hudson many years before Sir Hendrik Hudson; Enrico Tonti and his brother, Alfonso, were La Salle's lieutenants; Paolo Busti founded the City of Buffalo. When George Rogers Clark needed a backer and a right-hand man for his historic expedition, he turned to Francis Vigo, a forgotten hero in American history; Vigo gave his last penny to Colonel Clark and died in poverty.

Italians were few in the Revolutionary Army, but they supported vigorously the American cause. They fought and died for American independence. Of the early Italian colonists, the most prominent was the charming and cultured Filippo Mazzei, son of Florence, and close friend of

Thomas Jefferson. Mazzei was a sort of ghost writer for the Revolution, just as Charles Botta, the historian, was its first publicity agent.

It was in the arts that Italians played their leading role in those days. Italian painters, musicians and sculptors did much to brighten the early colonial scene with their talents. They decorated homes and public buildings, taught the children, entertained with plays and song. Itinerant musicians and vendors of statuettes were seen frequently on the streets of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Nicholas Biferi, a Neapolitan harpsichordist, was the favorite of New York society on the eve of the Revolution. Pergolesi's "Serva Padrona" was the first opera sung on American soil. "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" followed a few years later. This was half a century before Lorenzo Da Ponte, Mozart's librettist, ventured into opera on a large but futile scale in New York, and fully a century before the coming of Gatti-Casazza, Caruso and Toscanini.

Early Italian immigration to this country, from Colonial days to the post Civil War period, was an immigration of exiles, scholars, missionaries and tradesmen. Constantine Brumidi, who painted the

frescoes in the national Capitol, was one of these. So were Count Luigi Palma di Cesnola, the founder of America's leading museum of art, the Metropolitan; G. P. Morosini, Jay Gould's partner; and Major General Edoardo Ferrero, hero of Smith Mountain and Antietam. Vincenzo Botta, another early immigrant, was vice-president of the fashionable Union League Club and professor at New York University for almost thirty years.

The fall of the Roman Republic, in the 1840's, brought many Italian refugees to our shores, ardent republicans forced to flee Bourbon and French tyranny in Italy. Here they became teachers and writers. They fought slavery and aided Lincoln in the Civil War. They kept burning on American soil the flame of Italian and European liberty. Americans in those days, headed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, were much interested in a free Italy. They welcomed Garibaldi, who lived with his friend, Meucci, on Staten Island. During the Civil War, it was General Francis Spinola, state senator and later congressman from Brooklyn, who broke with his party and introduced in the State Senate at Albany the resolution that swung the State of New York to the Union cause.

New York was then the center of Italian life in America, but Italian missionaries were moving westward, founding churches and missions in sparsely settled villages along the frontier. The Waldensians were settling in the South. And Italian farmers were breaking ground in California, where in later years they were to create on American soil the most prosperous of all agricultural communities in the world.

II

Italian mass immigration did not begin, however, until the '80's. Then the peasant and the worker came. We were expanding and prospering. We needed foreign labor and asked for it. Europe was suffering an economic relapse. There was a shortage of bread and water in Italy.

Whereas the early immigrant came from the north, the latter-day immigrant came from Sicily, Calabria and the Abruzzi, in the south of Italy. He became the laborer who did the heavy work in the building of modern, industrial America. The southern Italians were accustomed to hard work. It was tough to scratch out a living from the eroded soil and exhausted farmlands of the southern prov-

inces. Their first job here was to help build the railroads. This was in the Italian tradition — from ancient times, when Rome built roads all over the civilized world, they have been road builders. James Hill, Leland Stanford, Collis Huntington and other railroad barons of America used vast numbers of Italian immigrants, obtained through *padrones*, to carve out the roadbed and lay the track.

When the railroads were built, the Italian laborer turned to America's developing highway system and to the building of homes. They cut the stone, poured the concrete and many of them became the contractors and the suppliers of stone, cement and sand. Dr. Charles Paterno, a pioneer in the building of modern skyscraper apartments, and Generoso Pope, the millionaire sand dealer, are heirs to this tradition.

It was hard work but useful work, and vital in the development of our country. It was a contribution to America given generously by people who had the courage to face all the hardships of life in a strange country and exploitation such as has never been known in American history.

Today, Italians in the United States are still hard workers, but they are part and parcel of a labor

movement which has liberated them from the slave conditions of a generation or two ago. Most of them are employed in the building trades, in the food industries and in the garment factories of our large cities. They are in the majority in such unions as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union of America. In every field of American enterprise, in Pennsylvania mines, in New England mills, in shops and on farms, they are an integral, indispensable part of American labor, honest, dependable and progressive in their contribution to our economic life.

While most Italian immigrants seldom rise above the status of simple workers, their sons become lawyers, doctors, engineers and businessmen. The second and third generations have entered completely the fabric of American culture and can be said to have made good. There are some two thousand physicians of Italian background in New York alone and as many lawyers. There are judges, legislators, teachers of prominence throughout the country. Such names as Fiorello LaGuardia, Angelo Patri, Frank Capra and Joe Di Maggio bespeak leadership of the first rank in their chosen fields.

But there are hundreds of others, artists like Attilio Piccirilli; scientists like Dr. John Failla, co-discoverer of radium with Madame Curie; Giuseppe Bellanca, of Bellanca aircraft fame; the Vaccaro brothers of New Orleans, builders of the powerful Standard Fruit and Steamship Company; Amedeo Peter Giannini, banker; and Giuseppe Faccioli, Steinmetz's co-worker at General Electric — all of whom indicate how far Italian immigrants and their children have gone in the enrichment of American life.

The history of Italians in America is not unlike the history of other groups in the nation's melting pot. Each has contributed to government, industry, science and the arts and altogether these contributions make up our country today. But Americans want to know, naturally, how these people are going to act now that we are at war with their mother country. There is a belief in certain quarters that their primary loyalty is to Italy and the fascist cause.

There is nothing in the record to substantiate this belief or to indicate that Italians in America are or could be disloyal. In the last war, more than three hundred thousand soldiers of Italian parentage fought in the American Expeditionary Force. They fought

bravely and with distinction. One of the first soldiers killed in that war, Rudolph Rupino, was of Italian descent. There are thousands of Italian names in the cemeteries of France.

In the present war, the number of young men of Italian blood in the armed forces is even greater than in the last. Italian volunteers led all others in the seven volunteer quotas for the New York area at the outset of the European conflict. Italian names appear frequently in the casualty lists published by the Navy Department since the attack on Pearl Harbor. Eight soldiers of Italian extraction have been decorated for valor at Java, Bataan and the Philippines.

Of the more than 660,000 Italians designated as enemy aliens in this country, only 1660 have been taken into custody by the FBI and, of these, less than 140 have been interned by decision of the Enemy Alien Hearing Boards in all parts of the country. This would seem to dispose of any suspicion of disloyalty, potential or actual, especially since there has not been a single instance of espionage or sabotage on the part of any Italian since the war began. But there remains the question of loyalty to Italy, of the war's emotional conflict, and of fascism itself.

III

The majority of Italians in America and their children, until the declaration of war, were neither fascist or anti-fascist but non-fascist. This means that, while they had no direct interest in fascism as an ideology, or as a political creed, they approved of it as something good for Italy. They approved of it even in the face of developments and conditions of which they wholly disapproved, as, for instance, the persecution of the Jews, which was widely resented by all Italians, and the treatment of the opposition generally. There were at least two reasons for this. First, the immigrant's natural inclination to stand by whatever government happens to be in power in his native country, and secondly, America's and the world's reaction generally to what was happening in Italy.

It should be recalled that Mussolini and fascism were fashionable in America in the 1920's and '30's. Every report from Italy claimed a general improvement in social and economic conditions and this had its effect on Italian thinking here. Those were the days when every boat that docked from Italy had some American on it who had met Il Duce, and found him "the great-

est man in Europe." In February, 1925, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said: "It is safe to predict that just as Cromwell made modern England, so Mussolini will make modern Italy." He described fascism as "the amazing movement which under the leadership of Premier Mussolini has brought new life and vigor and power and ambition to the great people of the Italian peninsula."

His opinion was echoed, during the early years of the depression, by businessmen and by American newspapers and magazines, which often ran original material written by Il Duce. *Collier's*, in an article by T. R. Ybarra on May 28, 1932, praised Mussolini's material successes and referred to the "feeling" in Italy of "orderliness, of governmental efficiency, of a strong hand in control." *Fortune* magazine, as late as July 1934, asserted that "the sacrifice of a great disciplined effort" was "the spirit of fascism," and added that "it may well cause the observer to remove from the Italian people the degrading label of 'wop' and substitute instead the accolade of 'Roman.'"

If these and other eminent editors, educators and statesmen, including Winston Churchill, could be won over by what seemed, at the time, a purely domestic effort

to revive a lagging nation, or a reaction to communism, or a strictly Italian ideology with no particular international implications, and a transitory one at that, it is natural that the Italians in America were proud of the man who was said to have removed from them the stigma of inferiority. The worst that can be said for the Italians who were sympathetic to fascism is that they accepted too literally the endorsement of leading Americans, or that they failed — like those Americans — to see the direction in which fascism was leading.

But there was something else that influenced the Italian American in his reaction to fascism, particularly the immigrant Italian. It was fascist propaganda in the Little Italies of the country — the identification of fascism with Italy, so that one could not be loyal to the motherland unless he were loyal to fascism. Astute propaganda labelled all those who opposed the fascist cause as anti-Italian. This had little effect on the native born, who have always regarded themselves primarily as Americans, but it affected the immigrant, whose love of Italy is generous and deep, even when his first loyalty is to America.

Fascist interference in the Italian

communities took many forms, from fascist clubs and leagues, such as the Fascist League of North America, to the control of the immigrant's own press, social organizations, and the boycott of his business. For one who lived and worked in an Italian community, there was little escape from the influence, direct or otherwise, of the self-styled fascist agent or *prominente* who, in the name of patriotism, sought to control his every movement and even his thinking.

The Fascist League of North America was disbanded in 1929 by orders of Il Duce himself as an activity contrary to his policies abroad. This may be, but it was disbanded also because of the opposition of the Duce's ambassador in Washington and particularly because of the resentment of Italian Americans themselves, who would not tolerate alien meddling with their local affairs.

The elimination of the League led fascist zealots to organize such "unofficial" groups as the Lictor Federation, headed by the fascist editor of *Il Grido della Stirpe*, Domenico Trombetta, and the Circoli Educativi, or cultural centers, some of which are still in existence. These groups reached only a small part of the Italian

American community. Their membership was limited to aliens and newly naturalized citizens of very little weight in American life. On the other hand, we have always had a very militant anti-fascist minority in every Italian community, particularly in the ranks of organized labor, which fought fascism from its very birth. These anti-fascists were like a voice crying in the wilderness in the '20's and '30's, but time has vindicated their view of the Italian phenomenon. In justice, it should be noted that the Italian anti-fascist press called attention to the dangers of fascism long before American public opinion became aware of it.

IV

The war has changed things radically. First of all, it has wiped out all outward forms of fascist activity, official and otherwise. The closing down of the consulates, the suspension of the strictly fascist press, the deportation of fascist agents and the disbandment of fascist organizations has relieved the immigrant from all pressure. It has done more than that. Military events in Greece and Libya have opened the eyes of Italians to the hollowness of Mussolini's boasts, Italy's unpreparedness for

a major war, and the unpardonable blunder of leading the Italian nation into an unpopular war on the side of Italy's traditional enemy. Millions of Italian Americans have had their eyes opened to the true nature of the world conflict. They know that the heart of their kinsmen abroad is not with Hitler and his dupes. The war has brought this large segment of our population into a new spiritual identification with America.

This does not mean that our Italian immigrants have suddenly ceased loving Italy — a love which is natural, wholesome and desirable, even from America's own standpoint. But they have come to realize more than ever that America is their home and the home of their children and they must defend it as such, no matter how trying may be the emotional ordeal.

They have come to realize, too, that Italy's future does not rest with the Axis, with its inevitable German domination of Italian life, but with America and the influence that an American victory would have in the establishment of a free Italy.

To assume that all Italian Americans see things in this way is to ignore realities. The fascists, though subdued, still favor an Axis victory. They are unimportant, closely

supervised by the Department of Justice, and what is more, disinclined to do anything to aid in this victory. And there are Italians, simple folks, who, in a rather naïve way, refuse to believe that there is any fundamental clash between Italian fascism and American democracy.

They think both countries can win and they have no antagonism toward America when on street corners and in coffee houses they shout themselves hoarse predicting the ultimate triumph of Italian arms in the Mediterranean and in the Balkans. These are the same folks who, out of sheer devotion to their motherland, gave away their wedding rings and last pennies in the Ethiopian war. They are not anti-American. They are simply profoundly Italian. They have sons in the American army. They love America. But the tragedy which has brought two traditionally friendly countries into a war in which there is no compromise is too much for them to understand. My Italian barber, who has two sons in the American army and is himself a veteran of the first World War, is convinced that Italy was duped into the war by Winston Churchill, who wanted Italy's African colonies. He blames Roosevelt for permitting Churchill

to get away with it and he is certain that all reports of Italian defeats in Africa and Greece are sheer British propaganda. He has no doubt, however, that America will win the war, because, as he says, there is no one in the world who can lick America.

Such people are harmless. What is significant is that dominant opinion among Americans of Italian background is pro-American. It has grasped the significance of the war, its implications and its effect on the destinies of Italians everywhere.

The Italian press, heretofore sympathetic to the fascist cause, is now decidedly anti-Axis: so anti-Axis that early anti-fascists in the Italian communities have difficulty believing their own eyes. It is supporting vigorously every war cause, from the sale of war bonds to the Red Cross, USO and other drives. Such organizations as the Sons of

Italy, with two hundred thousand members throughout the country, and others, have literally gone overboard with their declarations of loyalty and their contributions to the war effort. So with the Italian language radio, which literally leans backward in its desire to be American. Whatever fascist influences still lurk in Italian community life are rendered impotent by the rise in leadership of the newer and more progressive elements in the community, and by the logic of events.

If there is a fifth column among the Italians in America, it is either singularly ineffectual and inarticulate, or too clever to be detected even by those of us who have lived all of our lives among Italian Americans. Italians have given ample evidence of their loyalty. They have demonstrated that their hands, their hearts and their very lives are America's to command.



Note on Appeasement

BY DOM BALTASAR GRACIAN

(*in ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM, published in Madrid, 1653*)

HAVE strength of spirit. If concessions are made in one instance, they will have to be made in the second, and so on to the last. And the same effort which is required to win late would have availed more if it had been made sooner.

► *A European soldier, touring
our camps, reports that*

THE AMERICAN ARMY IS DIFFERENT

BY HANS HABE

AT THE risk of seeming immodest, the author must introduce this article with a few words about himself.

He has witnessed all the important military events of the last decade. He saw the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and the civil war in Spain as a special correspondent; he fought in the French campaign of 1940 as a soldier. He saw the German, Italian and French armies in action, and was present at the great "try-out" performance of all the European armies in Spain. And he has probably seen more American Army posts and training camps than any other unofficial personality. He visited these camps and forts without any preconceived ideas about them. Every day, for three months, he has been lecturing in the Army camps — often three or four times a day. He has spoken with thousands of soldiers and hundreds of officers. Last April, he lectured in the camps of the east coast; in May, in the west coast camps, from Seattle to Los Angeles; he has seen how artillery-

men are being trained, how the crews for bomber squadrons are being organized; how the infantry is being handled. At this very moment, he is on a train which will take him from one California camp to another.

In the light of his European memories, he has tried to compare, to draw parallels and conclusions. Instead of collecting statistical details which change every day and are therefore unimportant, he has tried to obtain the only kind of information that is really significant: What is this Army worth, how will it stand the test of battle? Of what kind of men is it composed? How will they behave at the decisive moment? He has found that this American Army is different from any other army in the world.

Difference No. 1: *The American soldier has no "second" or "outside" life.*

This difference is the most striking. In the French Army, the first question every soldier asked his comrades was: *Qu'est-ce que*

tu étais dans la vie? — What were you in real life?

The question was revealing. Every French soldier distinguished between two kinds of life: military life and *life*, that is, life pure and simple. To him — and to a large extent to the German, Italian, Russian or Spanish soldier as well — the barracks was an enclosed place through whose walls or barbed wires real life could not penetrate. To the European soldier, the training camp was like prison with a weekly furlough. It might be more or less comfortable, but it never had anything in common with life.

Concretely, this is what “training” meant: any European soldier — except the English — when he needed a toothbrush, had to leave camp. If he wanted to supplement his daily ration with a chocolate bar, he had to ask for a pass. When he wanted to go to the movies, he had to wait until Saturday. If he wanted to send a wire to his wife, he had to ask someone to take his telegram to the nearest wire office. Toothbrushes, chocolate bars, movies, telegrams, were symbols of civilian life, or life pure and simple. But the American soldier never has the feeling that life begins outside the barracks fence. Life has come to him. His desire for toothbrushes, chocolate, movies and wires is satis-

fied in the camp. A camp is not a prison and a soldier is not a prisoner. There is no contradiction between the soldier’s life and “real life.” To be a soldier is a trade like any other. Life goes on. . . .

Where civilian life is strictly separated from military life, the soldiers are filled with a desperate longing for the former. Thus, the desire to visit a drugstore — or the French equivalent of a drugstore — was a veritable obsession with the French soldier. For twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week, he thought of how he might obtain a furlough. In America, because civilian life has been brought to the training camps, the soldier’s yearning for it is not so sharp. No soldier in the world would refuse a furlough. But no American soldier would go too far out of his way to get one.

Difference No. 2: *Discipline is not identical with unpleasantness.*

Discipline in the American Army is similar to the discipline in the new German Army. And this is a compliment.

Dilettante army commands — like the French during the last fifteen years — confuse discipline with unpleasantness. This is how they reason: discipline is something unpleasant; therefore, if the sol-

dier's life is made sufficiently unpleasant, he will automatically become disciplined. This reasoning is utterly false.

In the French and Italian armies, the soldiers have "working hours," during which they are kept busy at all costs. When my French regiment was sent up to the front, our first stop was in the Alsatian town of Mommenheim. Although the civilian population had been evacuated long before, we were compelled to sweep the dusty streets of the town every day. On May 10, 1940, when we were sent straight into hell, fourteen soldiers of my regiment were in prison for having failed to sweep the streets in front of their quarters clean enough. This was not an isolated incident. In the French Army, the important thing was not that the soldier did something useful, but that he was occupied. The French principle was: as few working hours as possible in civilian life, as many as possible in the army.

The new German Army, which is indisputably disciplined, does not confuse discipline with unpleasantness. Every man has his daily task. He must perform it, but no one bothers about when he performs it. Discipline in the American Army is based on the same principle. In any army, some

soldiers are less intelligent than others. Equal treatment means equal tasks. But to imagine that the six thousand men in one camp will all perform equal tasks in an equal space of time is not discipline, but nonsense.

During the first weeks I spent visiting American army camps, I was horrified to see that, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, some soldiers were sitting in front of their barracks smoking cigarettes, and that some men came in for lunch at eleven and others at twelve-thirty. A cold shiver went down my back when I found that the camp theatre was packed full by four in the afternoon.

The men who were smoking cigarettes in front of their barracks belonged to a signal corps detachment which had worked all night. No one compelled them to sweep the streets in the morning just to keep them busy. The men who came in for lunch at irregular hours were truck drivers who had taken part in convoy exercises, and had not jumped off their trucks when they felt like eating lunch. They were served their meal when they were free. Not even the camp kitchen observes rigid working hours. The Army is an army, not an unpleasant hotel. The soldiers who went to the movies in the

afternoon had been on patrol duty or practiced anti-aircraft defense the night before. The American Army command realizes that the army is composed of individuals. Mechanization of the Army means that the *horses* have been replaced by machines — not the men.

Difference No. 3: *Democracy does not mean lack of discipline.*

Is an army democratic because the privates and officers can go to the same café and get drunk together? This is how many European states apply the democratic principle to the army. In reality, this interpretation is not a sign of democracy, but of dilettantism. Democracy in the army manifests itself in the same manner as in civilian life. Here are a few illustrations of this principle:

(1) Every American soldier has the opportunity to become an officer. A few days ago, I went for a walk with the commander of a camp in Idaho. There are about eight thousand men in this camp. As we proceeded, the colonel spoke to at least thirty men, addressing them by their names. He knows a corporal who is a particularly good marksman, a sergeant who draws brilliant cartoons, a private who is a good mathematician. I am con-

vinced that he does not overlook a single valuable man when choosing candidates for officers' training schools. At the officers' mess in a fort near Spokane, I lunched with a second lieutenant who bears one of America's most famous names. His best friend was a staff sergeant, who a few weeks ago — after twenty-two years of service — has been promoted to a captaincy.

(2) In the tailor shop of a camp near Tacoma, I saw a captain sitting with his tunic on his knees, patiently waiting his turn while the regimental tailor repaired a private's uniform. What is more, the officer's and the private's coats were of the same material; the same tailor repaired them both. Every American soldier gets three pairs of shoes — and no officer gets more.

(3) The main difference between the soldiers' and the officers' food in the camps is that the officers pay for theirs. In most camps, I saw the soldiers eating at clean tables, from earthenware plates or bowls. In the French Army, they ate from tin plates, with spoons attached by chains, so that every meal suggested prison. I have not found a single camp in which the food is really excellent, but I have not found one in which it is really bad. At many officers' messes, I saw tablecloths. Any democracy can

afford tablecloths for officers if they are the only difference between the soldiers' mess and the officers' mess. In many camps, I was struck by the fact that the soldiers were served without any check-off as they entered or left. I asked the chef whether this did not lead to abuses. He could not understand my question. "Why should any soldier want to come to mess twice when he can eat as much as he wants the first time?"

(4) Officers do not get longer furloughs than privates. In the defense camps, that is, near the sea coasts, the men work twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. In the other camps, officers and privates receive twenty-four-hour furloughs every week. In many camps, married men — a definite percentage in every company — are entitled to sleep outside barracks, with the exception of recruits during their first four months of training; this percentage is the same for officers and privates. Neither can leave camp before five in the afternoon and both must be back by six in the morning. Neither privates nor officers are allowed to be absent for more than twenty-four hours, except in emergency cases. A brigadier general commanding a Virginia camp told me: "I see to it that the mothers of my

officers do not fall sick more frequently than the mothers of my privates. No epidemic among officers' mothers will break out in my camp."

I had not seen any of the camps before America became involved in the war. I am told that many changes have taken place since then. Today, every soldier is obliged to salute an officer. This is a minor example, but it illustrates true discipline. Absolute obedience is required during exercises and drills. After one of my lectures, somewhere in Oregon, a violent debate ensued between a private and an officer concerning the French fleet. The private was better informed and won the argument. An hour later, during rifle practice, I saw the private carry out this officer's orders in an exemplary manner.

The commander of an infantry training camp told me: "Since the outbreak of the war, discipline has become 75 per cent stricter. The number of infringements has dropped by about 90 per cent." These figures are fairly typical for all the camps.

In essence, the life of the American soldier is like the life of the American industrial worker or clerical employee. Americans — this strikes foreigners more than natives — are used to changing their

trade. They easily become interested in something new. Most American soldiers and officers show a marked interest in their new "trade." They regard their new military status as a mere change of occupation. The best soldier is neither a hero nor a desperate man, but a worker. I am convinced that the American soldier is a worker.

Difference No. 4: *Specialization does not mean ignorance.*

The best thing I saw in the army camps comes out of the "reception centers." Before being inducted, every American soldier must pass through these centers, of which I visited several. Specially trained officers sit at dozens of tables, questioning the recruits. The average interview lasts about forty minutes. In addition, the recruit is kept under a constant, more or less strict, physical and mental "observation" for three or four days.

Twenty minutes of the interview are devoted to questions concerning the recruit's trade, his situation in life, his hobbies. Two separate columns indicate what he is best fitted to do and what he likes best to do. His trade in civilian life is taken into consideration first, his preference next. The last twenty minutes are devoted to a general test. The highest rating is

160. Those who obtain over 150 points receive special consideration; those who rate less than fifty are examined by a commission composed of psychologists, physicians, officers and other experts. The soldiers' physical condition is also investigated. As a result, the American Army has no flat-footed infantrymen, astigmatic observers or nervous pilots. There are errors, but on the whole, no lawyers are made to drive trucks, no cooks are used as mechanics nor mechanics as cooks. Almost all the public relations officers whom I met had been journalists, writers or professors. The average training of a modern soldier requires one year. The United States Army has cut down this period, largely as a result of the few days passed by every soldier in a reception center.

One major who directs a reception center in the middle west told me: "We all wear the same uniform. But not inside, only outside." The new American Army is composed of men who have united for the same purpose, but who are still individuals.

Does this system lead to overspecialization? In the French Army, an infantryman regarded a field gun as a prehistoric monster. A flyer regarded a rifle as a curious walking stick. Not so in the Ger-

man Army. When I was taken prisoner on June 22, 1940, I passed many French tanks that had been abandoned in ditches. I was impressed when I saw German infantrymen step into them and drive them off. In more than one hundred American camps I visited, there was not one which trained for only one branch of the service. I am not revealing a military secret when I say that I never saw an air field without infantrymen nearby, and that I never saw an artillery training camp without flyers. In the canteen of a fort in Georgia, I drank coffee with an air force colonel, a cavalry major, two infantry captains, an artillery lieutenant, a lieutenant from the engineers corps, and a teacher of Russian.

Difference No. 5: *A military hospital is an institution where sick soldiers recover their health.*

A popular saying in the old Austro-Hungarian Army ran like this: "There are two kinds of medicine in the army. For diseases above the waist: aspirin. For diseases below the waist: light shoes." In America, every hospital connected with a large camp contains an operating room which would be the envy of most European civilian hospitals, as well as the most mod-

ern instruments, sterilization apparatus, X-ray chambers, laboratories, pharmacies, stores of medicines, bright white-painted rooms, perfectly comfortable beds and immaculate linen.

This is how one colonel in charge of one of the largest camp hospitals summed up the health conditions in the camps: "The physical condition of the American trainee is excellent. No more than 1 per cent of the soldiers who have served over four months fall sick. Of the others, no more than 3 to 5 per cent. Out of three thousand men, we have had only seven malingers in ten months. And of these seven, only three were bad cases; the others were actually unfit for the work they were doing."

These high standards are not only a result of the system of recruiting, or of the general physical condition of the American people. In every camp, there is a dietitian to supervise the food. Physicians inspect the kitchens every day and the soldiers' quarters at least three times a week. Every soldier is examined thoroughly once a month. Orthopedists regularly examine the infantrymen's feet and shoes.

Difference No. 6: *French, Italian or German camps lack not only toothbrushes, movie theaters, post*

offices or drugstores, but also women.

I do not know why the view prevails in these continental armies that a man who behaves decently as a civilian will behave like a wild beast once he becomes a soldier. When a training camp was established near Lyons, the city founded a society for "the protection of our young girls." This is superfluous in America. In all the towns that have camps near them, civilians have told me with enthusiasm of the high morals among soldiers. In one city, near Fort Lewis, several dozen prostitutes established themselves, and only a week later, the mayor of the city called on the commander of the Fort to announce that the city itself had run these women out of town. In the American camps, almost all the office work is done by women. Women work in almost all the post offices, drugstores, barber shops, and in all the libraries. Soldiers are not wasted on work which can be done just as well by women. Thus, every camp has its share of feminine smiles. The smile of the girl who sells stationery in a camp has an excellent moral effect. . . .

Difference No. 7: *Every conversation in the French Army ended up in a political duel.*

In the German Army, no one

dares to talk politics. In the American camps, I noticed an agreeable absence of aggressive political talk. In the office of a colonel who used to write for a Hearst paper, his adjutant, a major, was reading the *New York Post*. The stationery store in that same camp sells all sorts of newspapers and magazines. Religious and racial conflicts are rare, if not entirely eliminated. In every camp of less than twenty thousand — and often in even larger ones — Catholic, Protestant and Jewish services are given in the same chapel, at different hours. In this war of religion, the American soldier appears to have only one religion.

Difference No. 8: *The abuse of state property, frequent in France and even in Germany seems at a minimum here.*

The number of private cars on camp grounds is often impressive, but no officer uses his service car for private purposes. In fourteen states, and in towns near one hundred camps I have visited, I never saw a colonel's wife in a military car. But I did see a general's wife driving her own car to camp to call for her husband, and giving a lift to every soldier she met.

I could tell you many more facts about the camps: how I saw

perfectly equipped establishments on grounds which, six weeks before, were open fields. And that statistics prove the "spoiled" American soldier has an average of 45 per cent more *effective* working hours than the French, and 15 per cent more than the Germans. And that the American Army — unlike any other army — knows no disagreement between the regular army officers and the conscripted officers; no one can distinguish them. All those who serve America are "regulars."

Many of the camps are no more than five miles from a town. Between Army morale and civilian morale, however, the distance is much greater. Civilian attitudes are much better than editorial complaints would lead one to expect, yet they are still shot through with doubts and resentments. In the camps, the morale is solid and crystal clear. Soldiers and officers are in it — for the certain victory at the end. This isn't rhetoric. It's sober description of the prevailing mood.

After Pearl Harbor, Americans realized the seriousness of the situation so well that many of them began to fear that the enemy was invincible. No young trainee believes such nonsense. Not that the young

soldiers in the camps are light-minded. They realize the earnestness of the job ahead of them. The kind of questions they hurl at visiting lecturers like myself is proof enough. They want to know about the French fleet, about Russia's post-war plans, about America's relations with Vichy, about the relative importance of Berlin and Tokyo, the mood in the occupied countries, the economic situation in Europe. The American Army — I offer one man's clear-cut impression for what it is worth — is not only acting but thinking.

An intelligent old officer, commanding a fort in the middle west, asked me: "Do you know why I attach particular importance to my men visiting their homes every Sunday?"

"No, colonel."

"Because I want them to explain to their fathers and mothers what we are fighting for."

The writer, for one, is not worried about the individualism of this American Army of individuals. He thinks it might be more useful if, instead of so many civilians traveling around lecturing about army morale, a few young trainees might be sent out to talk about civilian morale. Or that all civilians might see what I have seen.

NEW YORK'S FIRST MURDER MYSTERY

BY ROBERT W. SNEDDON

THE Christmas season of 1799 began ominously. On December 14, the nation's first President died and, as the Yuletide approached, holly mingled strangely with mourning wreaths in snowy doorways. Only the city of New York, a bustling world of its own, was able to shake off the gloom of death. Its sixty thousand citizens, packed into the Battery end of Manhattan Island, prepared briskly for the holiday, all the way from the elegant mansions of tree-lined Wall Street to the humble rooftrees of the village of Greenwich.

Certainly the happy residents of a double farmhouse at the foot of Provost Street (now Franklin) and the Greenwich Road had no thought of death, least of all the lovely Gulielma Sands, a gay, kind girl of twenty-two years. Gulielma, called Elma, lived in one half of the big farmhouse with the Ring family — Elias Ring; his wife, Catherine, who was Elma's cousin; and Hope Sands, Catherine's sister, together with several little Rings and an assortment of board-

ers. The Ring family were Quakers. In the other half of the house lived Joseph Watkins and his family. Mr. Watkins was in the lumber business.

Since July, a star boarder in the Ring household had been an agreeable, industrious young man named Levi Weeks, who shared his bed with his apprentice, William Anderson. Levi was a catch for any girl. He was a master carpenter and builder and the right-hand man of his brother Ezra, who not only operated a contracting business and a lumber yard, but was also the proprietor of the City Hotel at 123 Broadway.

Levi directed his properly amorous attentions first at a young woman boarder, Margaret Clark, but Miss Clark fled to the country when a yellow fever epidemic appeared and Levi had to look elsewhere. People suspected that he fancied Elma, although he never, according to custom, "walked out with her." Once he took Elma and Hope to the Museum. Later, he escorted Hope to the Friends Meet-

ing House on Little Queen Street and confided to her that he thought Elma must despise him because she would not go out with him.

In September, Mrs. Ring had packed up and fled from the epidemic with all her children, leaving the household management in Elma's hands. Six weeks later, when she returned, Catherine observed that Levi was most attentive to Elma and, early in December, Elma confided in Hope that it was possible she might become Mrs. Levi Weeks. Meanwhile, Elma begged, the secret must be kept. Hope kept it until December 21, when Elma whispered that she and Levi were going to slip away on the next night, a Sunday, and be married.

Hope told Catherine and on Sunday morning, the 22nd, Mrs. Ring asked Elma bluntly if it were true. Elma smiled and admitted it, but she refused Catherine's natural request to be present at the wedding.

"No, cousin, no," she said, "Levi would be mighty angry with me. Indeed, if he knew that I had told anyone he would scold me."

"Is thee sure thee is doing right, Elma?" Catherine asked anxiously, using the plain language of the Friends.

Elma said she was quite satisfied.

"Well, thee knows thy own mind best," Catherine sighed, "but I tell thee frankly I do not like thy young man's way of acting."

But she said no more and the quiet Sabbath day began in a tense, unnatural atmosphere. Levi went out during the morning and came back shortly with the complaint that he had struck his knee. When one of the boarders observed that the injury might keep him home, Levi replied curtly: "I am determined to go out tonight." Elma dressed the wound and both went to their rooms on the second story. Catherine went about preparing a one o'clock dinner. Elma spent the afternoon with Catherine and appeared radiantly happy. About five o'clock, Levi went out. Shortly after, Hope left the house to visit a neighbor, she said, though who the neighbor was no one ever learned.

The cold, sharp winter evening settled down. Elma went out briefly to borrow a muff from a neighbor. Catherine sat in the living room, quietly worried, with her husband and two of the boarders. It was very still in the room. Elma watched the clock and soon went out into the hall. Following her, Catherine saw that she had opened the upper half of the Dutch door and was leaning on the lower

part, staring out into the darkness.

At exactly eight o'clock Levi came in. Catherine looked at him and then at Elma. She was sure they exchanged glances and, in a minute, Elma went up to her room. Again Catherine followed and this time found her prepared to leave. Elma put both arms about her cousin and kissed her. Catherine could feel the girl tremble. She saw, too, that Elma was pale.

"Thee must not be frightened, Elma," Catherine said, "and I will say a word to Levi."

"No, no," Elma cried sharply. "He said none must know until we are safely wed. Say nothing to him. Now leave me, cousin."

Catherine went down to the living room, set her candle on the mantel, and saw Levi Weeks take his hat and leave the room abruptly, closing the door behind him. She heard light footsteps coming down the stairs. There was a whispering in the hall, but who spoke or what they said, Catherine could not make out. She heard the sound of the front door latch, the squeak of the hinges, the jar of the door's closing. Then silence — and into that silence faded forever the gay laughter of Elma Sands.

After a moment or two, Catherine took the candle, went out to

the door and opened it. Moonlight glittered from the snow; there was no living soul in sight. Catherine shuddered, unaccountably. She ran upstairs and made sure that Levi and Elma were really gone.

Later that evening, Hope came in but she did not stop to look into the sitting room to say good night, nor to inquire about the newly-weds — a piece of behavior as strange as any that occurred this night.

Catherine could not force herself to go to bed. She sat on in the living room and about ten o'clock Levi came in. He looked pale and agitated and he was alone.

"Is Elma gone to bed?" he inquired, looking about.

Catherine's mouth fell ajar.

"No, she is gone out," she replied at last, dryly. "At least I saw her ready to go out. I have good reason to think she went."

"I am surprised she went out so late at night and alone."

"I have no reason to think she went out alone," Catherine said. She was tempted to add that she knew about the whole plot but, with an effort, she stuck to her promise. Levi did not reply. He leaned his head on his hand, stared into the fire, muttered a good night and went upstairs. Catherine determined to stay until Elma ap-

peared. Eleven chimed, then midnight. Catherine lit her candle again and went tiptoeing about the house. She peeped into every room except Levi's. It seemed to her, she testified later, that she had no power to enter there.

Next morning, she was busy serving breakfast by candlelight to her boarders. No one mentioned Elma, not even Levi. But about an hour later, Levi suddenly reappeared and asked for Elma. Agitated as she was, Catherine held true to her promise. But Levi went away and came back again several times that morning until finally she had enough of him.

"Indeed, Levi, thee must think me a fool, but thee is wrong. To tell the truth, I believe she went out with thee and I have good reason to believe she did."

"Why," he said, with apparent surprise, "if she had gone out with me, she would have come back with me. I never saw her after she left the room."

Later in the day, the neighbor came to inquire about her muff. Hope came in, too, and at once attacked Levi, who was sitting in the room. "Where is Elma?" she asked. "I know thee knows. Thee sees how uneasy Catherine is. She tells me Elma said she was going with thee last night."

And once more Levi said: "I never saw her."

No news of the missing girl came that day. Tuesday dawned and at breakfast Levi stopped long enough to tell Catherine not to grieve. She did not thank him for the advice. It rankled so that she confronted him angrily when he came in later that morning. "Levi, this is serious," she said. "I can stand it no longer. Thee must make the best of thy way to get clear of it. Elma told me the Sabbath night that she and thee were going out to be married at eight o'clock."

Levi turned pale and clasped his hands. "I am undone," he said, in a trembling voice. "I am ruined forever, unless she appear to clear me. I had rather die. I never would attempt to marry unless my brother Ezra approve," and he kept on in this way while Catherine and Hope stared at him in suspicion and disgust. They had understood from Elma that Ezra had been consulted and made no objection.

Christmas, Wednesday, was a cheerless day in the farmhouse. Thursday came and still no word of Elma. Levi behaved strangely for a man whose bride was missing. He advised Catherine once more not to grieve and he added, with most unnatural smugness, "Give

her up. She is gone and no doubt. All our grieving would do no good."

Catherine turned on him. "Tell me the truth, Levi," she said sternly, "what does thee think has become of her?"

"Mrs. Ring," this lover answered, "it is my firm belief she is now in eternity."

II

At nightfall on Thursday, the news was brought that Elma's borrowed muff had been found. A boy on his way home from skating had picked it up by a well belonging to the Manhattan Well Company, nearly a mile from the Ring house in the Lisenard Meadows, at a point 100 feet north of the present Spring Street and 100 feet east of what is now Greene Street. The well was not in use.

Oddly enough, no one thought to search in the well, perhaps because it was covered, but on Thursday, January 2, the idea occurred. Elias Ring and some of his neighbors went to work with poles and ropes. Before long, they knew that Elma was no longer missing. They drew her body carefully to the surface. Her hat and shoes were gone, her stocking feet were torn, her white dimity petticoat was

discolored and her gown ripped above the waist. There were bruises on her shoulders and neck. Next day, an autopsy established that she died by drowning.

Men's thoughts turned at once to Levi Weeks. An officer came to arrest him. "It is too hard," Levi said, then asked, "Is it the Manhattan Well she was found in?" The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder by person or persons unknown. All New York was excited to deepest pity. Elma's body lay in a coffin, exposed to public view in Provost Street, and that quiet thoroughfare saw more ladies and gentlemen of fashion in one day than it had seen in five years.

Meanwhile, Levi lay in prison. Many thought him guilty, but there were as many who thought him incapable of murder. Public feeling ran so high that, when the time came for him to be transported from jail to courthouse, a band of sympathizers formed an extra guard to protect him from the mob. The trial began on March 31 in the Court of Oyer and Terminer at the old City Hall, foot of Nassau Street.

On the bench sat His Honor the Mayor, Richard Varick, and the recorder, the Honorable Richard Harrison. They supported Chief Justice John Lansing, who was

destined himself to disappear under equally mysterious circumstances twenty-nine years later, in the first of a series of strange vanishings which were never solved. The prosecutor of Levi Weeks was Cadwallader Colden, a noted lawyer later to become mayor of the city. Facing him was the most formidable trio of defense counsel ever to sit side by side in any court: Henry Brockholst Livingstone, one of the great lights of legal history; Alexander Hamilton, and his bitter rival, Aaron Burr, who would walk alone off the dueling field four years later. How and by whom this expensive trio was engaged is not clear. They were certainly not in court for simple love of justice and it is surmised that Ezra Weeks furnished the fees.

A panel was obtained quickly and the charge read. Catherine was the first witness and reported what had been said and done in her house. Hope Sands followed her and introduced the first startling evidence.

"On the Sabbath evening after Elma was missing," she testified, "Levi said to me, 'Hope, if you can say anything in my favor, do it, for you can do me more good than anyone to clear me. Therefore, if you can say anything, do it before

the body is found, as after that it will do me no good. But if the body is found a good way off, this will clear me as I was not a sufficient way from my brother's to go far.'" He then gave her a paper to sign which said that nothing had passed between him and Elma like courtship or marriage. She refused to sign, saying, "If I was to sign, Levi, thee knows it would be positive lies."

The question of intimacy was raised. Elias Ring testified that Levi and Elma were constantly together and he believed from their conduct that they would be married, but he never knew them to be in bed together. Margaret Clark inferred there had been more to it. Once, she said, Levi had gone into Elma's room and locked the door.

Richard Croucher, a boarder, was introduced, a gentleman with a hooked nose, bloodshot eyes and an air of scoundrelly assurance. He testified that Levi had passed two whole nights in Elma's bedroom. Later, under Hamilton's examination, he admitted that he was not on good terms with Levi, or with Elma either, for that matter. Levi had struck him in a quarrel over the girl.

The prosecution sought to establish that Levi had borrowed his

brother's sleigh to convey Elma to the place of her death. Another witness said she had heard a woman cry out, near the Lisenard farm, "Murder, oh, save me!" Two other witnesses, who lived a hundred yards from the well, said they heard cries that night between eight and nine o'clock and the husband looked out and saw a man walking about the well. There were sleigh tracks nearby.

The court did not adjourn until 1:30 in the morning on the first day and it resumed promptly at 10 A.M. Burr opened for the defense. He complimented the jury on its patience and presumed that their minds were not infected by the prejudice which had already marked the prisoner. He deplored the extraordinary means used to inflame public opinion, such as the exposure of the body. There was nothing on which to condemn the prisoner, he said, no proof of courtship or promise of marriage. He would be able to prove an alibi and account for the employment of Levi's time.

Burr called first the apprentice of Ezra Weeks, who swore that the Weeks sleigh was not out of the yard that night and that he saw Levi Weeks a little before nine. The next witness, obviously no friend of Elias Ring's, testified that

Elias had been overly attentive to Elma. Further, this man did not care for his fellow witness, Mr. Croucher, because he had seen that gentleman circulating in the crowd the day Elma's body was exposed, trying to make people believe Levi was guilty.

William Dunstan took the stand. "Last Friday morning a man came into my store —" he began.

"Stop," Burr shouted, and picked up a candlestick. He stepped quickly to where Croucher stood in the crowd and held the light up so that it fell on the boarder's face. "Is this the man? Think careful. Is this the man?"

Dunstan said it was and testified further that Croucher had told him: "Levi Weeks is taken up by the High Sheriff, there is fresh evidence against him." Other witnesses testified to Croucher's activity in directing suspicion to the prisoner. There was indication that it was revenge for the blow struck.

Ezra Weeks swore that Levi was with him in his home from four o'clock until a few minutes before eight that Sunday evening. This was supported by Mrs. Weeks and by Mr. and Mrs. McCombs, reputable citizens who were there at the time. Levi went out just before eight o'clock, the McCombs sat twenty minutes, then left. Their

host lighted them all the way to Mr. Rhinelander's corner and turned back. Just as he set his lantern down, Levi came in again to inquire about the business of the next day. The time was then 8:30. Levi ate a hearty supper and left about ten o'clock. The time at his disposal to take the victim to the well, slay her and return to his brother's house, according to this testimony, was no more than thirty minutes. Frederick Rhinelander testified that he had walked twice from the Ring house to the well. It was a rough road, dangerous in the dark. It took him twenty minutes. The second time he came back in fifteen. The exact distance covered was certified by two experts as seventy-nine chains, or one mile lacking twenty-two yards.

By this time it was 2:25 in the morning and the courtroom was nodding with weariness. Nevertheless, Chief Justice Lansing denied a motion for adjournment and thereupon charged the jury in a way which left no doubt in their minds as to how the verdict should read. It was doubtful, he said, whether the prisoner left the house in company with Elma Sands. Doubtful whether she had been exposed to any violence other than drowning. Difficult to discover what motive could have actuated

the prisoner to the commission of the crime. Also, witnesses had accounted for the manner in which the prisoner had spent the evening, all except for a few minutes.

The jury was out for five minutes and came back with a verdict of not guilty.

Catherine Ring, on whose testimony the prosecution had practically built its case, rose up and called out loudly to Alexander Hamilton: "If thee dies a natural death, I shall think there is no justice in heaven."

The murderer of Elma Sands was never brought to justice. There were all sorts of surmises at the time, some of them involving Elias Ring as principal or accomplice. Others pointed to Hope Sands. Passion might drive even a Quaker to a quarrel and unintentional strangling. Both Hope and Elias had been out of the house that night. Ring later said he had been seeking two of his horses, which had strayed — as though horses would leave a warm stable on such a raw night. And there were suspicions that Croucher, in spite of an alibi and witnesses to it, was more concerned in the matter than was shown.

Prodded by gossip, or perhaps by feelings of shame, the Rings moved from New York shortly after the

trial and Hope Sands went with them. Levi Weeks left the city, too. It is believed he changed his name.

New York has since had more than its share of unsolved murders, but the Christmastide tragedy at Manhattan Well can hold its own for baffling questions, after more than 140 years. What really hap-

pened that night? Had Levi really promised marriage to Elma? Her word alone bore testimony to it. If not Levi, who accompanied her from the house? Was the timing of the alibi correct or did a man perjure himself to save his brother's life?

The truth, it is likely, will never be known.



"Quiet, children, I'm looking for a nice quiet place for a summer vacation."

► *Sabotage of Nazi conquerors
must be organized in the U. S. A.*

WE CAN STIR REVOLT IN EUROPE

By JAN VALTIN

THE two hundred million Europeans under German occupation outnumber their guards seventy to one. Yet how could the people of France, for instance, despoiled and disunited, succeed in an uprising against an occupation force of twenty well-armed divisions?

They could not, the Nazis say. Their insurrection would be drowned in blood. The Nazis are correct.

Yet most Americans have a different opinion of the matter, as I learned during a recent nation-wide lecture tour. They believe it is only a matter of time before the subjugated peoples of Europe, goaded beyond endurance, will rise in revolt. The weakened German Army will not be able to stem the desperate tide. A democratic counter-revolution will plunge Hitler's rule of tyranny into its grave.

Americans, however, have no experience in the practical aspects of modern revolutions. They overlook the fundamental fact that when oppressed people are subjected to protracted famine and

terrorism they gradually lose their fitness to revolt. Fatigue and bleak resignation then replace their fighting spirit.

Americans also fail to realize that revolutions do not just "break out"; like great battles, they are *organized* enterprises which must be prepared for in minutest detail. In all German-occupied countries, for instance, there must be strong, ably led blocs of trained revolutionists. There must be arms in the hands of the anti-Nazis. Finally, the Nazi military and industrial apparatus must be brought to an advanced stage of disintegration — war-weary soldiers longing for home, lack of manpower, broken-down railways, machines worn out beyond repair.

The achievement of these ends requires consistent application of the science of revolution — tested, specific laws formulated by Karl Marx and first successfully applied by Lenin in the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. The revolt of 1918, which knocked Germany out of the war, was a mild imitation of the

Russian technique of strikes, mutinies, and seizure of key points.

America and Britain can and must adopt this tried technique of revolution now. A European uprising against the Nazis will succeed only if we make ourselves its engineers.

The British have already demonstrated what can be done, particularly in the broadcasting field.

Their first task was to build a listening audience. They gathered refugees from Nazi lands who prepared programs designed to attract their fellow-countrymen at home. Advertising men were drafted to prepare programs with the appeal of American commercial shows.

One of the most ingenious ideas thought up by this British propa-



ganda organization is the "rumor campaign." Through secret agents, rumors are started in Germany, where they spread over the country. For example, in the port cities of the Baltic, anti-Nazi agents once started the rumor that German housewives should not buy canned fish from Norway because the fish had been poisoned by eating the bodies of German soldiers killed in an invasion attempt on Scotland. Some forty-eight hours later, that rumor had gone from housewife to housewife as far south as Munich, halfway across Germany. German families, already strictly rationed, avoided canned fish for weeks.

The British work closely with underground European groups. Agents are dropped over Europe from RAF planes. Although the British naturally will not admit it, the Germans claim that the men who shot and killed Reinhard ("The Hangman") Heydrich, deputy Gestapo chief, were Czech agents armed and parachuted into Czechoslovakia by the British.

The Poles and the Czechs have probably the most effective underground organizations. In London, for instance, it is possible to send a query through secret means to Czechoslovakia and get an answer back within forty-eight hours. Illegal newspapers flourish in under-

ground Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland and Occupied France. Despite these efforts, not nearly enough is being done to organize the revolt within Europe.

II

Today the underground groups in occupied countries are in desperate need of material aid, which we can supply. Against machine guns, their hammers and pitchforks are useless. Their casualty rate, too, is terrible; it demands constant replacement of leadership elements. The eighteen thousand miles of European coastlines are an open invitation to outside assistance. Hundreds of small craft could be piloted at night by weather-beaten patriots familiar with every bay and fjord. They could carry messages and funds, instructions and arms, trained reinforcements, dynamite, false passports, radio receivers, miniature printing presses, new sabotage gadgets and espionage cameras.

Back to United Nations ports they would carry spy reports, underground leaders summoned abroad to map out future action, and loyal anti-Nazis anxious to learn the technique of conspiracy. The continuous training of new leaders in subversive combat is a task which

must be undertaken by Britain and America. At the present time, there are no schools in democratic countries teaching revolutionary technique — and yet such schools are “musts” of total war. Only skillful specialists in conspirative action can survive underground.

To be truly effective, sabotage must become a mass movement involving millions of workers. The numerous detailed techniques of wrecking and obstruction must be constantly expounded over British and American radio stations and in millions of handbills dropped over Nazi-infested country.

Water filtering into barges loaded with grain, for example, will cause the cargo to swell to three times its normal size and thus burst the ship's seams. Water mixed with gasoline will ruin it as fuel for airplanes, trucks and tanks. Water mixed with potassium produces highly inflammable hydrogen, plus the heat required to touch it off alongside a Nazi-held factory or munitions base.

A few simple instructions widely circulated in subjugated Europe could teach even unmechanically minded people the art of wrecking machines in Nazi hands. Throw a handful of ground glass or emery dust into lubricating oil and you'll disable a mine hoist or a locomotive.

Sprinkle five pounds of sand in a battleship's bearings and you'll put her out of commission. Plant cement or grit in motor valves and you'll cause tanks to bog down and bombers to make forced landings. “Forget” to oil your machines and let them break down. Cut a power line with a hacksaw and you'll help to paralyze Nazi war production. Shut off valves in oil pipelines while the pumps are working and the lines will burst. Oil-soaked rags left in obscure factory closets sometimes burst into flames through heat generated by slow oxidation. So do shut-in coal cargoes, if sprinkled with water on warm days.

The patriots of oppressed Europe need explosives in large quantities. These must be smuggled in from supply bases in the United Nations, together with instructions for their use. A ten-inch stick of dynamite connected to a detonator and a two-minute fuse can tear a truck asunder or blast a railway line. Ten sticks will wreck one end of a strong bridge; twenty will bring down the roof and sides of a tunnel. In this way, Polish saboteurs recently blew up a railway bridge in the Bialystok area, disrupting a vital Nazi supply lane to the Russian front. Yet such feats, on a small scale, have little more than nuisance value. They must be

expanded a hundredfold to bring about a decisive breakdown of the 130,000 miles of railways under Nazi control.

Polish workers in Nazi munitions factories put sand into bombs instead of TNT. Czech toilers in the Skoda works near Pilsen secretly added sulphur and zinc to molten steel so that guns became useless after the first few shots. Widely publicized, such acts inspire duplication elsewhere. What was possible in Pilsen will be possible also in the steel works of Belgium and Lorraine. The Gestapo may shoot hostages and deport people living near the scene of sabotage only as long as it has not become a mass movement — wholesale arrests in key industries would mean total stoppage of production.

During the Austrian disorders preceding the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss, the Nazis used small steel wedges to derail passing locomotives. Small enough to be hidden under a man's coat, these wedges were *more efficient in railroad sabotage than clumsy barricades or even bombs*. Such wedges are now being used by the underground against Nazi troop and supply trains. Their wholesale distribution throughout occupied Europe by airplanes would soon result in a most serious barrage of blows

against all German supply lines.

Every saboteur must be taught to single out strategic spots in the fabric of Nazi war economy. It is more effective to wreck a locomotive in a tunnel than on the open track. It hurts the Nazis more when loaded barges are sunk in strategic locks instead of in the open reaches of inland waterways. Destroying signal lights and telegraph wires between railway stations may often cause greater delays than blasting tracks at a single point. Stretching a cable across a highway at night to overturn a munitions truck will save saboteurs the risk of using ponderous land mines.

"Delayed sabotage" is organized wrecking made to look like the result of unfortunate accidents. Fine piston rings imperceptibly cracked by a seasoned mechanic will bring the engine to grief when it is put under stress. Pieces of glass in a warship's mooring lines will inevitably cut them to bits. Rivets can be put into place so that they will loosen under the first real strain. Oil gauges can be "fixed" to show a full supply when the tanks are almost empty.

The Gestapo is powerless to deal with certain forms of mass sabotage. General slowdown in industry is one, petty waste of production materials another, and lack of preci-

sion in making machine parts a third. Reducing crops to the needs of home consumption, hiding food, strewing glass along highways used by German motorized columns, and pasting wrong labels on shipments are a few of many similar methods which fall into this category.

III

From years of conspirative work, I know that for full effectiveness underground units must be centrally led, and their striking powers co-ordinated. Of some twenty underground organizations now active in Occupied France, not one knows what all the others are doing. One way to overcome this lack of unity would be to invite all underground leaders to a secret conference in England, Lisbon or elsewhere to draft a program of concerted action, backed by material aid from abroad. An underground messenger service could function thereafter as liaison among the separate organizations.

No high command of revolution can afford to ignore the potential strength of millions of anti-Nazi trade unionists in Germany and the conquered countries. These men have footholds in Nazi-held factories everywhere, and their leaders,

now mostly in exile, enjoy the unconditional trust of the nameless rank and file at home. Trained as they are in collective action, they are indispensable to a democratic revolt against Hitler.

Nor should we neglect the possibilities of directing defeatist propaganda against the Nazi garrisons in occupied countries. Remember that deserters from army and navy, mutineers with guns in their hands, have always played a decisive role in modern revolutions.

Of equal importance are the organized Catholics of Europe, twenty million of them Germans. Despite ranging Nazi propaganda attacks, the Catholic Church survived in occupied Europe because it was centrally directed and because it could draw upon centuries of experience. Catholics have methods of communication unavailable to others.

The democracies must not simply promise the patriots of Europe succor and liberation; we must give them continuous education in revolutionary techniques; we must tell them exactly what *they* can do to free themselves. Our propaganda must be ceaseless, all-pervading, inescapable. It must crackle from scores of United Nations senders twenty-four hours a day.

When a British combined opera-

tions force (naval, army and Commando units) raided St. Nazaire, hundreds of French civilians, believing that it was the long-awaited British invasion of the continent, uncovered their arms caches, stole others from the Nazi garrison and went out to fight the Germans.

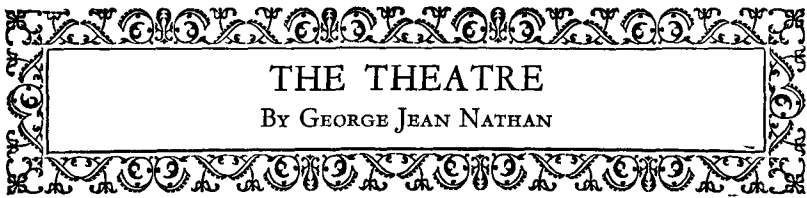
The Nazis punished St. Nazaire by mass executions and the news of the tragedy swept France and disillusioned those who might have been ready to revolt. We cannot advertise the dates of these hit-and-run raids, but we must find some way to let the French population know that the raids are on a small scale so that they do not revolt prematurely.

Propaganda designed for German consumption requires a special approach. Appealing to the "decent" elements in the population is utterly futile after nine years of Nazi rule; pro-democratic exhortations make most Germans guffaw with contempt. The only propaganda effective against Germany is that which concentrates on the creation of a defeatist spirit. Germans are perhaps the worst losers in the world. Their greatest weakness in wartime is their aversion to playing a game they are not certain of winning. When they are convinced that they cannot win the war, their morale will crack.

Those who direct our psychological warfare against the Nazis should realize that the Germans are neither stoical nor stolid. They are essentially sentimental and subject to wild fluctuations between exultant savagery and tearful submission. Propaganda that will undermine their morale must be of a threatening nature, consistently pugnacious, and endlessly *repetitive*. This is the language Germans have been trained to respect.

The destructive British-American bombing raids on German cities are being accompanied by broadcast promises that the raids will continue until Hitler is overthrown. British broadcasts to Germany repeat Churchill's advice that the only way the German people can escape the terror is to get out into the fields and watch their home fires burning — in the meantime leaving their factories and workshops idle. Those broadcasts must continue until the Nazis are utterly disillusioned with their dream of world domination.

Until then, from Norway to Greece, the indomitable patriots on the underground front must prepare for the day of revolt. Yet their efforts will come to nothing unless Britain and America take the responsibility *now* of putting weapons of deliverance into their hands.



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

More Clinical Stage Notes

CREATIVE ART — Properly taking John Steinbeck to task for falling back upon a quotation from Socrates to give point to an important situation in *The Moon Is Down*, my brother in critical sin, John Mason Brown, has this further to say: "Historians, essayists, preachers, scholars . . . yes, even dramatic critics, are at liberty to call in the classics to help them out. They are not creative writers. But Mr. Steinbeck," etc.

What we engage here is once again the old, arbitrary derogation of certain classes of writers as non-creative and the flattering implication that any other sort of literatus who so much as imagines Gwendolyn St. Clair's reaction to Rupert St. Albans in the moonlight is *ipso facto* of the creative elect. If ever a definition called for drastic reappraisal and revaluation it is that which concerns itself with this general business. The theory that a dramatist, novelist or poet, however bad, is deserving of the tribute creative, and that any other species of writer, however good, belongs

down at the end of the line with the plumbers and hod carriers has too long enjoyed its punditical day. It is time to can it. If the historian Gibbon with his *Decline and Fall*, the essayist Dryden with his *Dramatic Poesy*, the preacher Newman with his *Apologia*, the scholar Hume with his *Human Understanding* . . . yes, even the dramatic critic Hazlitt with his *On Wit and Humor* — if such as these are not in the strictest definition creative writers, hair-splitting has assisting need of a new, powerful microscope.

The notion that writers like, say, George Santayana and Julian Huxley are not creative because they merely invent ideas instead of characters without them is nonsensical in precise ratio to its popularity. It is a peculiar mind that esteems a novel like *Frenchman's Creek* as a work of creation and disesteems something like Hogben's *Mathematics for the Million* as not one. With very few exceptions, we haven't had in America thus far this year a single

dramatist, novelist or poet who, when it comes to pure creativeness, has matched the authentic creativeness — any sound way you take it — of even W. T. Stace's *The Destiny of Western Man*. And confining ourselves to relative creativeness in drama and elsewhere, I'll exchange Rice's *American Landscape*, the Barkers' *American Holiday*, George O'Neil's *American Dream*, Robert Middlemass' *Americans All*, George M. Cohan's *American Born*, Dreiser's and Kearney's *An American Tragedy*, Kaufman's and Hart's *The American Way* and Marcy's and Weiser's *American Dictator*, and throw in a case of beer, for Mencken's *The American Language*.

SIDESTREET ART — In at least one respect, the New York dramatic critics are among the dumbest of dumb animals. After more than twenty years' disappointing and even torturing experience, they apparently still believe that in some mysterious way the present hope of the American drama lies up a sidestreet. For twenty years or more, ever, indeed, since the Provincetown Theatre down in dingy Macdougall street gave birth to Eugene O'Neill and the Washington Square Players hidden away near sauerkraut Yorkville uncov-

ered a promising talent or two, they have been taxicabbing and sledding up remote alleys and distant by-paths pursuing possible new glorious epiphanies and, regularly as clockwork, have found nothing. Yet, undismayed, their conviction persists that something pretty hot will surely turn up.

In this regard, the critics resemble the suckers who trust the people who are always discovering wonderful new little restaurants down near the Brooklyn Bridge or in some other inaccessible locality where you can get a remarkably fine dinner for eighty-five cents, the aforesaid restaurants upon due investigation and trial turning out to be fit only for the less connoisseurish of dogs and vaudeville acrobats. Although countless eager amateurs and semi-amateurs have been in operation for two full decades in sidestreets near and far, little or nothing that they have uncovered has been the equal, and certainly not the superior, of even the relatively better Broadway grade of drama. I myself, being at times just as much of a come-on as my colleagues, have followed their vain hope into the dark recesses of the city and, like them, have returned to civilization, such as it is, with nothing for my pains. Whether dramatic or musical,

what I have seen has for the overwhelming part been zero. Once, maybe, in forty or fifty tries something like Saroyan's *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning* may provide something to write about, but even on such rare occasions the productions and the acting are so atrociously bad that only a practiced professional eye can see through them to the script. The Broadway theatre these days is certainly nothing to brag about; in point of fact, the less said about it the better. But in comparison with the sidestreet theatres it is the cream right off the top of the bottle.

GRAVEYARD ART — In the theatre, something is always either dying or dead, theoretically. When they can't think of anything else conversationally to kill off, not to be outdone they visit the mortal sentence on the theatre itself. It's been going on now for several centuries, to the bankruptcy of the eavesdropping and hopeful undertakers.

The latest argued corpse to hop out of the grave and roll in the shinplasters is vaudeville. Conclusively proved to be as dead as a doornail, it is presently again going full blast, which surprises no one but the necrologists. Vaudeville

never died; it simply changed its name to revue and the like and moved into different theatres. As I pointed out six or seven years ago at the height of the belief that it was moribund, there was more vaudeville actually in operation in New York than in what was called vaudeville's heyday. So long as people laugh at a prattfall; so long as people say O-isn't-he-cute? when the littlest dog in a dog act toddles across a stage; so long as people laugh at such jokes as Zero Mostel's "There's a man in Hollywood who gets thousands of dollars just for talking to women," the man subsequently identified as Charles Boyer and the women as Hedy Lamarr, et al., — so long as people do that (and they show no signs of stopping), just so long will vaudeville thumb its nose at the morticians.

VITALITY IN ACTING — Despite the common directorial belief, little is so ruinous to the effect of an actress's performance, save in farce and certain comedy, as too much vitality. The best actresses are those who silently and inwardly suggest it. The worst are those who physically demonstrate it. The great Eleonora Duse, in all the thirty-odd years I beheld her in various rôles in different corners of

Europe and America, never once for a moment allowed her audiences to feel that she had just eaten a large Porterhouse steak and was rarin' to go. There was about her always, even in her earlier and most vigorous years, the faint suggestion that she wasn't physically quite up to snuff.

The Katina Paxinou, on the other hand, habitually have at their customers with so much energy that, if Joe Louis were out front, he'd swoon.

SANS COMMENT — Just what, if anything, it signifies, I do not know, but I offer in evidence of something or other the fact that the only six things that achieved the unanimous hearty approval of the newspaper drama critics during the last season were a vaudeville dog act in *Keep 'Em Laughing* called "The Bricklayers"; Bobby Clark's appearance in a flannel union suit in *All Men Are Alike*; Bobby Clark crawling over a writing table and wriggling an enormous quill pen in *The Rivals*; the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound effects of a bombing raid in *The Wookey*; Danny Kaye's nance act in *Let's Face It*; and the Katharine Cornell revival of *Candida* for the benefit of the Army and Navy Relief funds.

CODICIL — All right, I'm sarcastic, am I? Well, just to show you, here are some samples of the things I myself, notoriously bursting with art, enjoyed no end during that season: the above-mentioned Bobby Clark's appearance in a flannel union suit in *All Men Are Alike*; the same Bobby Clark's crawling over a writing table and wriggling an enormous quill pen in *The Rivals*; Fred Sanborn's idiotic xylophone act in the above-mentioned *Keep 'Em Laughing*; Lou Holtz's story of the stubbornest man in the world whose girl wouldn't answer the doorbell, in *Priorities of 1942*; the good-looking Venezuelan sweetbread in the same show, with Lou periodically feeling her leg in feigned doubt if it was really sun tan, as the cutie insisted, or just brown powder; and George Jessel's lantern slide lecture in *High Kickers*, with his explanation that the slide showing the rear view of a stooping Latin-American was a Mexican peon. Also, if you want to know, the fat girl speakeasy singer in *Johnny 2 x 4* and those colored dancing wenches in *Harlem Cavalcade*.

In the words of Colonel Knox, whatta man!

NEGRO ART — Those colored dancing wenches — and say, brother,

were they something! — bring me to a more general contemplation of Negro art in connection with vaudeville musical shows. That the girls in such exhibits can dance more rapidly and certainly more excitingly than their creamier sisters is spot news on a par with the sinking of the *Merrimac*. And that a colored jazz band can put it all over a paler one is also history. But beyond these two items the rest of the superiority of colored entertainers to white, man for man and woman for woman, is legend pure and simple. There have been and there are, true, isolated Negroes like singers Florence Mills and Ethel Waters, hoofer Bill Robinson, ivory-tickler Hazel Scott and comedian Bert Williams who are and have been big pumpkins, yet on the whole and for the others colored musical show talent in every department save hoofing and jazz musikers — for all contention to the contrary — doesn't stack up one-two-three or even eight-nine-ten with white. (Paul Robeson is not strictly to be listed among musical show performers; he is the property of the concert halls.)

As one who relishes colored performers even when they are not particularly good, I offer without prejudice the argument that there

isn't a Negro comedian on the stage today who is in any wise remotely to be compared with any of a dozen such white boys as Clark, Cantor, Moore, Lahr, Holtz, Jolson, Howard, Jessel, Haley, Lewis, Wynn, or even Jack Mann. One of the chief defects of Negro comedy is its tardy timing, the general run of the black funnies being as slow as the general run of the black hoofers is fast. As a consequence, it is an uncommon darky whose delivery doesn't soon devitalize his listeners. The best Negro comedians remain the whites in black-face. Similarly, I offer the conviction that, aside from Miss Waters, there isn't on the stage today a colored singer who can match any of the better known white blues singers; or a colored straight man who comes anywhere near the ability of the whites; or a colored song writer who touches any of a dozen milks like Rodgers, Porter, Berlin, et al.; or a colored lyric writer or music show book confector who is even distantly to be likened to the chalky Lorenz Harts and Ira Gershwins or the alabaster Dorothy and Herbert Fields.

The argument that the fault lies with the Negro's imitativeness of whites doesn't altogether reason the cause, since even in such cases

as originality lifts its head, the results are distinctly inferior. So I suppose we will just have to put it all down to fact, and let it regretfully go at that.

ON CHARM — The word *charm* is usually as critically obnoxious to me as the words *personality*, *glamour* and *authority*, but I am afraid I'll have to fall back on it, since that is just what I am going to talk about. So: the one commodity lacking in the greater proportion of our current actresses is charm. And sadly, because, most other things considered and duly allowed for, an actress without the attribute is much like a pickpocket with it. We have all kinds of actresses with talent; we have all kinds who can do their jobs well and some who can do them beautifully; we have expert technicians and very satisfactory run-of-the-mill players and all of that.

But among the lot there are

not, in the present years, more than a handful who have in them that rare quality which, like a prehensile mist, steals over the footlights and gathers men into its warm embrace.

Without descending to the ungentlemanliness of mentioning the few actresses, young and not so young, who possess it and thus wounding the plurality who do not, I can at this sitting think of only two older actresses who are blessed with the desideratum, and only two in the middle bracket, and only two in the younger. Which amounts to just a paltry, if welcome, six out of many hundreds. Some of these others have what is known as sex appeal; some are endowed with looks; some are among the leaders in their acting age groups. But without charm they are, if the truth were told, even for a good half of the Critics' Circle little more than proficient hams.



Melancholy Epitaph

*Dr. Gallup and his minions
Never asked for his opinions.*

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Animals Learn to Live

THROUGH all the studies of the natural world that have appeared in this place — through all the general considerations and selected single close-ups of that immense and teeming realm of earth life in which our frail human species so recently made its appearance and began the pursuit of its difficult and uniquely self-directive destiny — there has run the implicit assumption of a dominance of instinct in the lives of non-human and pre-human animals, and the assumption of a special development, peculiarly man's own, of powers of individual ratiocination and decision.

This discrimination between man and the other creatures, between the free and the unfree, between instinct and intelligence, between necessary obedience to what Burroughs called The Cosmic Wisdom and freedom to follow the election of the private judgment — all this dates back, of course, to the earliest dawn-days of human philosophy. It has been a predicate in the major religions, a terminus to the con-

voluted investigations of a Descartes, an unarticulated premise in the mind of every ordinary man who has ever pronounced a moral judgment upon a fellow man, or who has ever stood silent in a green copse and felt an obscure and yearning misery over the gulf between the harmony around him and the bitter disharmony and separateness of which the human self is capable. "Bird and bee, and tree and drifting cloud, flow willlessly in harmony with Tao; man only, against the tides of Tao, may jut up oppositively his meager and rebellious self."

Old as the human heart, it is likely, is the sense that man has a unique plasticity, a unique private will, a unique power to reason and infer and foresee and recall and judge. Around this old conviction, there has been built the accurate poetry of Eden and the Fall; there has been spun the sometimes shrewd and sometimes maudlin philosophy of a Rousseau; there has been represented, in many shapes and symbolisms, the nos-

talgie legend of a Golden Age when men lived "obediently to nature" — which is to say, obediently to those instincts and blood intuitions and primal unreasoned knowledges which are the guidance of a fox or a brook snail — and had not yet exalted, with a pride both comical and terrible, the private mind.

This venerable view of man as at once a part of nature and apart from it, blood brother to the deer and the hovering hawk, but able, by virtue of self-conscious powers of appraisal and deduction which these do not have, either to follow instinct or reject it, heed the blood or deny it, follow ancestral protoplasmic persuasions or veto them in favor of the decision of the individual intellect, is not only a part of the oldest philosophies and pre-philosophies, but has also, in more recent years, had the long and patient confirmation of the laboratory. Out of this long experimentation and study, the old concept has come very little changed. There have been modifications, of course. On the human side, we know now that our wills and wits are not so aboundingly free as once we thought they were; there are dark psychic skeins, bared and probed a little by Sigmund Freud, which can fetter them and twist them and

tangle them. We know something about heredity and something about environment; and we know that our disinterested rational consciousness only partially deserves so proud and special a set of adjectives, being built upon instincts and reflexes and even tropisms, however remote from those foundations its highest elements may be. On the animal side, we know that the choiceless routine of instinct may occasionally, for a flickering instant, show a little variation, a minute escape from traditional pattern, that seems ascribable to a dim foreglimmering of mind.

But having made, in the light of the precise analyses of science, these small corrections — this admission that the human rational self is not always as entirely its own clear-intellected master as it thinks, and this admission that there stirs in red foxes and forest-haunting owls some minimal initial evidence of that quality which reaches, in its full development, human self-consciousness — the general picture of the difference between animal mind and human mind, animal self and human self, remains essentially very much what so ancient and uninstructed a philosopher as Lao-tse supposed it to be: man flexible-minded, rational, imaginative, gifted for the

seeing of causes and effects; the non-human animal gripped almost inescapably by instinct, motivated not by reflective decisions but by unconscious inner impulses, bound to pursue the round of its days almost as independently of self-conscious volition as does a growing fir tree or a flowing brook or the wheeling sun.

II

Although the difference between the animal's life of spontaneous impulse and man's life of reflective judgment is as compellingly plain to common-sense observation as to the trained discernment of scientists and the thoughtful scrutiny of philosophers, our clear vision of it is easily obscured and we are readily tempted to play false to the whole essential groundwork of our philosophy by engaging in that subtle form of pride and self-projection called anthropomorphism. It is as easy and comfortable a fallacy to see our own image in squirrels and thrushes as in the overarching sky.

In the midsummer season, now, there is a special inducement to this inveterate tendency; for now the woods and hayfields and shorelands are thronged with young birds and animals in company with

their parents. We are reminded at once of our own human ways of educating our own children and we are forthwith likely — unless we hold fast and soberly to a foundational recognition of the difference between “the general intelligence of nature” and the private self-conscious intelligence of man — to impute to parent animals a ratiocinative and deliberate program of imparting their lores and disciplines, and to impute to the young ones all those intricate agonies of learning through which our own youngsters must pass in acquiring the behavior patterns we count proper for them. We are likely to forget, in fine, the pivotal and tremendous fact around which the whole of our human drama revolves in its dignity and degradation: that we alone, of the creatures of earth, may judiciously plan, may imaginatively look ahead and backward and within, may sit in judgment, may reckon from the fact to the principle. We alone are given a measure, restricted and conditional though it be, of freedom. We alone are not — as thrushes are, and orioles, and raccoons and garter snakes and hawk moths quite as much as trees and brooks and granite crystals — held prisoners still in the innocence of Eden.

What is the truth of animal

education? Does a grouse teach its chick to drum? Do robins, looking ahead to the long migration flight which their young ones must make for the first time a few months from now, consciously and with forethought drill the fledglings in the disciplines and techniques of that enormous operation?

It is not so. To fancy it is to do violence to the profoundest natural truth and the profoundest core of natural religions and poetries alike. It is not individual decision that makes a growing ash tree slant toward the sun; it is not private judgment that impels a bobolink, while the warmth still lies across the summer meadows and food is still abundant, to take flight for the south; from no deductive inference derives the behavior of a female yellow warbler when she constructs a second nest tier to hide the egg that has been intruded by a parasitic cowbird into her original nest. In the blood of a bobolink, of a yellow warbler, there stirs a dim, uncomprehended urgency; and in their small feathered skulls there is no individual intellect which might judge it good or bad, wise or unwise. They obey. They cannot do otherwise.

An ash tree obeys its interior chemistry; brook water "obeys" the necessity to find its own level;

the constellations, so to put it, obey the requirement to perform their will-less and inscrutable rhythmic dance. And even as it is in the blood of a snake to coil, and of a deer to bound, and of a dove to tread his female in the month of May, so is it in the blood of every wild creature to know the things that it must know, and do the things that it must do, and sing or fly or burrow or hunt in season, with never a learning. External stimulus touches off instinctive impulse; that is the essential story of the lives of wild creatures from birth to death.

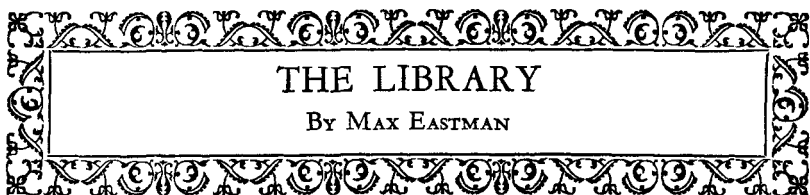
The teaching and the education among birds and animals are limited to this: that young ones have natively and strongly an instinct of imitation, and that probably, though less certainly, there comes to adults in season an instinct impelling them toward administering what a famous naturalist has called "unconscious teaching" — toward acting, that is to say, in such fashion that the native instinctive skills and tendencies of the offspring are led forth and brought to maturity more promptly, are made to respond and quicken and grow sure with a speed and firmness that would be less in the parent's absence. These two instincts — of the young to imitate, of the

old perhaps to educe by example the young ones' latent lores — produce in their conjunctive operation all that may with propriety be called the schooling in wild lives.

The schooling makes the young ones a little quicker, a little surer, in their instinctive development; it may influence to some degree the plastic patterns of their secondary activities, such as, for example, the pattern of a bird's singing, so that whereas a young phoebe normally grows up to sing the same song his parents sang, an infancy spent artificially in the company of orioles may influence him to introduce a fluting and whistling quality into his utterance, as orioles do. An infancy spent without the company of any other birds may leave his instinctive phoebe song a little weaker and more uncertain than it would be normally. But those are the only kinds of things the schooling does. Those are the only sorts of small particularities that may be (unconsciously) imparted, or may be (unconsciously) learned. The major behaviors, the important rites, the essential knowledges in animal life are not taught or learned. They are of the blood. Whether parentally reared or parentless, the young phoebe knows, when the time

comes, how to fly. It knows how to build its nest; it knows the phoebe way of courting; it knows when to quit the northern farmlands and fly south of the thirty-seventh parallel. As lacking in instruction as in reason is the caterpillar's weaving of its cocoon, the muskrat's building of its lodge, the knowing of a beaver how cunningly to fell a tree.

To go abroad in the woods and fields now in August is to see a multitude of young wild creatures in the beginning stages of their life experience. To view them anthropomorphically is to see a spectacle that briefly amuses and entertains. To see them honestly, cognizant of the psychic gulf between us and them, is to see a more powerfully stirring and illuminating and wonder-rousing thing. It is to look back and back across earth's history, and to know a little of what the world was like in that aboriginal Garden before ever the first man, in whom awareness had sharpened and increased until he could see causes and effects and be aware of his own self, first made an individual decision and judgment, first made a conscious choosing and appraisal, and thus took the first step along the proud and lonely road of Adam.



About H. L. Mencken

H. L. MENCKEN'S *New Dictionary of Quotations*¹ has been a joyful and novel experience to me. Although I have a passion for dictionaries, I never owned a dictionary of quotations, and to the best of my knowledge never looked into one. That was the result of a mixture of good sense and arrogance on my part. I felt that if I had nothing of my own to say, I would better keep still — which was wise enough. But I also had no intention in any case of keeping still.

That such dictionaries could be anything but feeders for brains that had no native grist to grind never occurred to me until I read Mencken's introduction. I learned there that they have five kinds of users:

There are, first, those who seek to determine the precise text of a quotation heard or read, often in garbled form. There are, second, those who want to run down authorship, or date, or both. Third, there are those who desire authority for their arguments, or ornaments for their discourse. [That is really two kinds.] Finally, there are those

who like to explore the flowery meads of wit and wisdom merely voluptuously.

Mencken hopes that his book will meet the demands of all five kinds, and beyond a doubt it will. I am still too arrogant to search its pages for authority or ornament, but I have already used it with delight in all the other ways and I have no doubt it will corrupt me in those two. Especially as a voluptuary, I find it delightful and I earnestly recommend it to all who possess any relic of the gift — still fairly widespread in spite of parsons and professors — of self-indulgence.

The book is so considerably arranged with a multitude of rubrics and a wealth of cross-references as to give "skipping around," which is usually a furtive pleasure, the guise of a scholarly duty. In telling you not only the name of the author, but also the particular book or speech in which he made the remark quoted, and that with scholarly extravagance of space, Mencken seems at first glance to hint re-

¹ \$7.50. Knopf.

motely at the possibility of some effort on your part. In nine cases out of ten, you never heard of the book and you feel as though in simple self-respect you ought to go and find out something about it. But then he also tells you the date of its first publication and your self-respect is saved — you have found out something about it.

What makes this “flowery mead” so uniquely delightful, of course, is Mencken’s immense intellectual curiosity, the perpetual dynamic activity of his mind. He is so richly endowed and fertile a person that it seems almost regrettable he attained the mountain peaks of fame in the twenties as a sort of anti-philistine intellectual swashbuckler. I do not mean to belittle his service to American culture. No timidly meticulous thinker could have shamed us out of our puerility and provincialism as he did. It had to be a reckless, overconfident, loud-shouting unshaven-minded Samson, something of a hard nut, laying about him with a two-handed sword about as well shaped for discriminating execution as a barrel-stave.

As you read today some of his arrant and arrogant diatribes against America — and I hope the FBI in its present mood won’t run into them — you can hardly believe

that this monotonous if titantic piling up of sweeping statements, all on one side of a complex and intricate question, could have been the big literary-intellectual event of a decade. And yet it was not only the big one; it was the most beneficial. It was what we had coming to us and we got it good.

It is often, and I think accurately, remarked by Sinclair Lewis’s friends that he has a good bit of Babbitt in his own make-up. It is equally true, although it seems a little more dangerous to say so, that H. L. Mencken constitutes a sub-species — or, more accurately, a super-species — of the *boobus Americanus*. He made this very clear himself in his ferocious essay, *On Being An American*. Explaining why he did not respond when “Henry James, Ezra Pound, Harold Stearns and the emigrés of Greenwich Village issued their successive calls to the corn-fed *intelligentsia* to flee the shambles, escape to fairer lands, throw off the curse forever,” he examined his own character and decided what he asked of life.

To me, at least (and I can only follow my own nose) happiness presents itself in an aspect that is tripartite. To be happy (reducing the thing to its elements) I must be:

- a. Well-fed, unhounded by sordid cares, at ease in Zion.

- b. Full of a comfortable feeling of superiority to the masses of my fellow-men.
- c. Delicately and unceasingly amused according to my taste.

He then proceeded to "lay down the proposition that it is a sheer physical impossibility for such a man to live in these states and not be happy" — happiness under the last two heads deriving, of course, from the low average intelligence of his American fellow-men and the continual amusement their preposterous behavior affords him.

It is a brilliant exploit, and will be vastly misjudged — as Mencken very often is — by those who cannot appreciate ferocious humor. But still the estimation of himself is no more subject to correction on the ground of laughter than his estimation of his fellow Americans. They both stand equal in that regard and they both show up pretty badly, pretty boobishly. Indeed, I doubt if the life-attitude of the crassly complacent, incurious, insensitive, earnestly "well off" American bourgeois, who hangs like a millstone around the neck of art and intellect and aspiration in America, was ever more succinctly limned than in those sentences in which Mencken, preparing to do battle against that same bourgeois, dresses out himself.

It is perhaps exactly for that

reason that he did such demolishing battle against him. There is no use killing a boob with a polished rapier-thrust; he is too blunt and spongy to notice that he has been killed. There is only one way to bring it to his attention, and that is to meet him on his own level, assault him with a set of values only fourteen minims finer than his own, and mash his entire person into the sidewalk. For this service, Mencken deserves the immortal gratitude of his country, and will certainly have a niche in the history of her literature.

II

Enjoying this dictionary, however, bends my mind toward other elements in his rich endowment that the gorgeous performance of that task has tended to conceal. I have mentioned his humor and his high-powered brain-action. The combination of the two has enabled him to produce a classic in a field still almost unoccupied, although the most inviting in the world — the field of scholarship without stuffiness, of science that can crack a smile.

It is a field peculiarly belonging to America. Indeed, when you start out to *qualify* Mencken's diatribes against his fellow country-

men, this ability to know something well and yet not be stodgy and sacrosanct and meticulously mincing about it, so shiningly exemplified in William James, is one of the first traits you mention. Americans know how to carry their knowledge. (Better than other peoples, I mean, and provided they have any.) And Mencken's learned work, *The American Language*, is a masterpiece, a model to mankind, in this most highly civilized achievement.

Another deep and not dated thing in Mencken is his devotion to human freedom. When I first heard of him, in 1912, he was known most widely as a remorseless apostle of the anti-democratic creed of the German, Nietzsche. Nietzsche, as is well known, supplied a good deal of ideological godfatherhood to Hitler's Nazis. As a Nietzschean boob-shooter, Mencken might well have joined in the totalitarian manipulation of the masses, or given it sanction either in its German or its Russian form. But that, it seems, was not at all what he was driving at.

It was the danger of mass-rule to the free development of individual mind and character — both uncommon phenomena in his belief — which so sharply lined him up against democracy. He felt with

Dyonysus of Halicarnassus that "the mob is the mother of tyrants." (*Antiquities of Rome*, VII, c. 125 B.C. — I knew I was going to fall!). And it was not only the mob, but the tyrants he was against. He is against them still. He is one of the very few western dealers in ideas who has never blinked for one second the truth about Stalin's Russia, or permitted his name to be used as a cover for the communist conspiracy against freedom. You could look far for a better slogan in the fight of democrats against totalitarians of all breeds than this from the great champion of the "civilized minority":

No conceivable moral purpose is higher than the right of the citizen to think whatever he pleases to think, and to carry on his private life without interference from others. If that right is taken away, then no moral system remains; all we have is a prison system.

Another attitude of Mencken's that has a delicate relevance today is his intolerance of Service with a capital S — his "theory," as he calls it, "that Service is mainly only blah." In this, he always had a kinship with those of us on the left, who scorned reformers and social workers in the name of a revolution that was going to liberate the proletariat and all society and bring them to an economic level. It has been interesting to see

how, as our revolution has degenerated from a liberation to a tyranny over the proletariat and all society, the role of the reformer and the social worker, of Service with a capital S, has come to the fore.

It is no accident that mushy-hearted brothers like Mike Gold and the Rev. Harry F. Ward and the Dean of Canterbury have lined up beside the hard-faced boys who run the tyranny. It is no accident that a man like Harry Hopkins, social worker *in excelsa*, comes home from Moscow rapturous about the bureaucrats and the perfectly "enormous" banquet with which they celebrated his arrival in the land of a triumphant proletariat whose average wage is two dollars a week. In the new world after the victory, as I foresee its struggles, you will find a lot of ugly things creeping up on you, and slowly sinking you under, in the name of Service. I would not have these remarks interpreted as an attack on any of my friends in the New Deal. I merely recognize their human need of dietary guidance, and remark that, as a tonic poison, Mencken's remarks on Service, taken in moderate doses, will do wonders for their general metabolism.

It is not only his specialty of be-

laboring boobs that has diverted attention from Mencken's larger qualities. He has himself kept these qualities under his hat — and the more gentle of them, it seems to me, under his consciousness. Mencken has been a lifelong champion of science and the scientific spirit, waging its war against magicians, charlatans, priests, parsons, politicians and literary bunkshooters, one and all, without cessation. And yet some impulse of self-concealment led him to call his major essay-series "Prejudices."

The title gave him a free hand, I suppose, to indulge his enviable talent for reckless and raw statement of exaggerated truth. But it concealed, and to some extent perhaps inhibited, one of the major virtues of his mind — its loyalty to objective and real knowledge, its absolute intolerance or fraud, whether perpetrated upon others or oneself. The rich ore in his essays — even the one *In Defense of Women* (which, by the way, contains more aphorisms, and better, than are to be found under "Woman" in his dictionary) — is not prejudice, but penetrating judgment.

Another thing that Mencken has concealed — and worse than that, to the best of his ability obliterated from his character — is poetry in

its lyric forms. He began his career, apart from the newspaper job, as a lyric poet. His first magazine success was a verse in Harry Thurston Peck's *Bookman*, sentimentally urging his hero, Rudyard Kipling, to quit using his brains about serious issues and "sing us again of Mandalay." When he himself decided not to be a poet, Mencken went to the opposite extreme from that. He did exactly what he was urging Kipling not to do, and did it "on principle."

He not only attacked poetry in an essay which savors more of self-punishment than science, but he eliminated the lyric mood entirely from his prose. Along with it, by a natural if not necessary affinity, went the mood of contemplation, of inquiry, of imaginative speculation, of kindly curiosity and wanton pity, of genial humor even — all those moods which would have given his prose what it chiefly lacks, variety of tone. Emotional monotony is its great fault, as it is of the prose of his other early hero, Bernard Shaw. Exciting and stimulating as they are for a few pages, you cannot read either Shaw's or Mencken's essays very long. That perpetual hard, cocksure, relentlessly intellectual stream of exaggerated asseverations wears you out.

Mencken has been, by his en-

thusiastic admirers, compared to Mark Twain and there are strong similarities — both of them are so limitedly American! — but Mark Twain's style was full of tonal surprises. His emotional nature was rich and he gave us the full wealth of it. Mencken seems to me to have refrained from doing so with a certain amount of interior tension.

I find the tension relaxing a little in the two volumes so far published of his autobiography, *Happy Days*, the widely praised story of his childhood, and *Newspaper Days*, which is even more warmly communicative to me. It seems possible that the story of his mature and literary life may be warmer still. Mencken has, little as you may believe it, been likened not only to Mark Twain, but to Walt Whitman. Do you suppose he could write a book of which it might be said: "This is no book. Who touches this touches a man?"



CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL, by Quentin Reynolds. \$2.50. *Random House*. A high-spirited and amusing account of a correspondent's trip to Russia, after the German attack on that country. Reynolds is pure de-

light as long as he reports what he sees, hears, smells — but roughly on a kindergarten level when he ventures (as, alas, he does too readily) political judgments on recent Soviet history and personalities. His mental picture of the Russian Revolution is approximately what might be expected of a credulous old lady who has had tea and cookies with, let us say, Corliss Lamont.

OUTLINES OF RUSSIAN CULTURE, by Paul Miliukov. Edited by Michael Karpovich. \$5.00. *University of Pennsylvania Press* (3 volumes). Intelligent selections from the great Russian classic which was first published in 1903. The author, now in his eighties, has been revising his "Outlines" and bringing them up to date; part of the new material is woven into this abridged American edition. The first volume of the Karpovich edition deals with Religion and the Church; the second with Literature; the third with Architecture, Painting and Music. Full indices and bibliographies.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DURABLE SINNER, by Owen P. White. \$3.00. *Putnam's*. Mr. White's writings on the Southwest, particularly Texas, have won for him a considerable reputation, and justifiably so. He knows the territory as few other people know it, and he writes effectively and honestly. His autobiography — he is now in his early sixties — not only makes excellent reading; it will also form a source book for historians of the Southwest for years to come. He was one of the earliest contributors to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*.

A FRENCH SOLDIER SPEAKS, by Jacques. \$1.25. *Macmillan*. A thirty-year-old French soldier who was hospitalized in London speaks out for the Free French cause. A brief and occasionally rhetorical yet strangely moving book. The translation is by Helen Waddell.

THE NEW ORDER IN POLAND, by Simon Segal. \$3.00. *Knopf*. This is probably

the most complete account of the horror visited upon Poland by Hitler's New Order, which involves the extermination of every vestige of independence, civil liberty and national culture outside the Third Reich. The Poles, points out Mr. Segal, are fighting back fiercely, Catholic and Jew alike. They practice sabotage on a considerable scale and their underground press defies the Gestapo constantly and everywhere.

SEX FULFILLMENT IN MARRIAGE, by Ernest R., Gladys and Catherine Groves. \$3.00. *Emerson*. Of the numerous handbooks of instruction for the married and about-to-be-married, this new work by the Groves family ranks easily as the best because it is thorough, completely scientific yet easy to read, and crystallizes the best information now available on normal sex relations. Mr. and Mrs. Groves and their daughter, Catherine, are nationally recognized for their work in this field at the University of North Carolina.

There is an introduction by Dr. Robert A. Ross, associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the Duke University School of Medicine, and there are illustrations by Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, past president of the American Gynecological Society.

WITH JAPAN'S LEADERS, by Frederick Moore. \$2.75. *Scribner's*. For fourteen years, ending with the attack on Pearl Harbor, Mr. Moore was counsellor to the Japanese government, and before that, he had been a correspondent for American and English newspapers. The bulk of his book is devoted to a consideration of the more recent events that led to hostilities between Japan and the United States.

His exposition of the part played by Ambassador Nomura is especially enlightening. The Ambassador was apparently as little prepared for the catastrophe of December 7, 1941, as were many Americans. Despite their great successes to date, the Japanese, says Mr. Moore, have "also weakened themselves incalculably."

ROBERT ALEXANDER, MARYLAND LOYALIST, by Janet Bassett Johnson. \$2.50. *Putnam's*. Robert Alexander was a vigorous exponent of colonial rights in early America and did heroic service for the cause of freedom, but with equal vigor he opposed a final and complete break with the mother country and he spent his last years in exile in England. Dr. Johnson reviews his career in great detail, making use of fresh material, and also has much to say about the loyalists of the time in general. There is a brief foreword by Professor Robert Livingston Schuyler.

THE PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. The fable that ex-President Hoover is an "isolationist" and "appeaser" is a product of recent hysteria. In sober fact, few men in American public life have been as consistently aware of the impossibility of "isolation" in our complex modern world. It is to be hoped that this book, written by Mr. Hoover in collaboration with a diplomat of wide and intimate experience with world problems, Hugh Gibson, will finally obliterate that mischievous fable. The failure of the Administration to use Mr. Hoover's unique knowledge of world affairs and his exceptional organizational talents in the war crisis is a sad example of partisanship gone haywire.

This book is a cool and scholarly exploration of the tasks of reconstruction that face a victorious America. It analyzes past attempts to maintain peace and lays bare the mistakes made after World War I. On the whole, the views of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson fit logically into the recent pronouncements by Sumner Welles, of our State Department, and other Government spokesmen. They see the need for a prolonged period of adjustment, not on the basis of a rigid peace treaty — which, alas, is more likely to be a war treaty — but by gradual and flexible handling of all major problems.

Perhaps the chief virtue of the book is its honest appraisal of the magnitude of the tasks ahead — a realistic recognition that good

will and social-work enthusiasm are not enough. The Hoover-Gibson book is a first-rate antidote to the kind of runaway utopianism evident in some current discussion of post-war problems. The job of feeding the world, stemming the tides of social collapse, nurturing representative governments, calls for planning that should not be left for the last moment.

Inevitably, discussion of the world-to-be after the victory will grow in volume and intensity from this time forward. *The Problems of a Lasting Peace* is a first-rate preparation and compass for that discussion. — E. L.

FICTION

TAP ROOTS, by James Street. \$2.75. *Dial*. Mr. Street delves again into the little-known pages of American history to produce a new novel in the grand romantic tradition. This one concerns the Dabney family, slavery-hating Southerners who seceded from Mississippi, set up their own Free State of Lebanon and fought the Confederacy at its heart. From a straight fictional standpoint, *Tap Roots* is a fine, free-flowing example of its kind and provides absorbing entertainment. The historical point which Mr. Street makes is that our great internal conflict was not a civil war nor a war between the states, "but, rather, a war without precedent, an inevitable act in the drama of America." This is Dial's first "Victory Book," designed to compress 593 pages into a small, convenient format; the patriotic idea appears very successful.

THE CORNER-STONES, by Eric Linklater. \$1.00. *Macmillan*. A conversation in the Elysian fields among Lincoln, Lenin, Confucius, a British aviator and a common soldier. The talk is rather stilted and it cannot be said that Mr. Linklater is altogether clear in his intention. Apparently the cornerstones of the title are China, Russia, Great Britain and America, who will lead the world out of the present chaos into a new life.

FLAMINGO ROAD, by Robert Wilder. \$2.50. *Putnam's*. A novel of Florida politics,

complete with pretty carnival girl, good-hearted madame, weak-kneed hero, corrupt sheriff and fine upstanding older man. Engaging escape fiction.

OPEN FIRE! by Alec Hudson. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A collection of four of Mr. Hudson's stories: "Battle Stations!", "Enemy Sighted," "Rendezvous" and "Night Action." They all deal with warfare overseas and overseas. Mr. Hudson is no Conrad, but he knows how to keep a story moving and he has greater respect for the English language than many more "serious" writers.

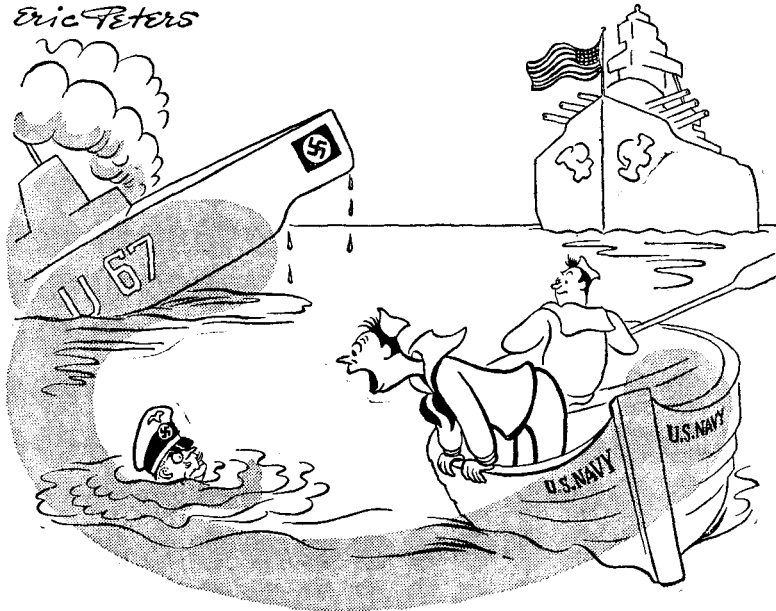
VILLAGE IN AUGUST, by T'ien Chün. \$2.50. *Smith & Durrell*. A series of sketches, rather than a novel, of Chinese Revolutionary fighters against the invaders in the northern

sections of their country. All of them are very ably done, especially two women, Anna and Seventh Sister Li. The name of the translator is not given since he is a Japanese prisoner. Edgar Snow contributes an introduction, in which he discusses the great popularity of this book among Chinese soldiers and civilians.

AND NOW TOMORROW, by Rachel Field. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Miss Field's last novel before her death deals with a small New England mill town during the depression years. Emily Blair, daughter of the mill-owning family, recalls the first twenty-five years of her life and we see how her character, both moral and emotional, grows through adversity. Excellently written, yet it seems far removed from the problems of today.



Eric Peters



"All right, so I'm decadent. . . . Are you coming in or ain't you?"

THE OPEN FORUM

THE NEW ARMY: DOES IT HATE PARADES?

SIR: I've been in the Army for quite a while now and I'm still extremely curious about where people who write articles about "our new army" get their information. For instance, your Mr. Huie in the *MERCURY* for May 1940 (*The New Army Hates Parades*) says that "the President's family has given the New Army two of its most scalding epithets," that incompetent officers above the rank of captain are referred to as "James" and unpopular second lieutenants as "Elliott."

I suspect that Mr. Huie is either generalizing from the conversation of two or three bright boys, or he's not in love with the President. I've certainly never heard either of those expressions; neither has anyone else I know in the Army — or out of it. They sound to me like the kind of "witticism" the gifted Mr. W. Pegler is addicted to.

Mr. Huie says that many of us in the Army are "Roosevelt-haters." That may be, of course. It's a pretty big army. But I'm quite sure that the Army, if it had to choose a new Commander-in-Chief tomorrow, would put "That Man" right back in the White House, where he belongs. I don't think anyone who's really sampled opinion in the Army will quarrel with that. Anyway, it's a lot more accurate than Mr. Huie's story about "handing a group of soldiers a magazine story about Tom Girdler taking over an aircraft plant in California," a group of soldiers who would have told you in "the next breath what they think of Mr. Girdler and his labor relations." Really, now. Not one soldier out of one hundred has ever heard of Mr. Girdler and his labor relations. Which is no reflection on Mr. G.'s eminence, nor any credit to his labor policy. It's simply a fact.

The American Army may be the best educated in the world, but the sociologists, poets

and omnivorous newspaper readers therein are few and far between. Mr. Huie serves his "cold potatoes" with entirely too much salad dressing.

ANOTHER SOLDIER

*Portland,
Oregon.*

SIR: As an officer in the United States Navy, I wish to take strong exception to the following statement in William Bradford Huie's article. . . .: "No American slogan ever fell so flat with its fighting men as 'Remember Pearl Harbor!'"

This statement may be true for the United States Army — although we do not believe it — but it is most certainly not true for the United States Navy. The Navy lost a battle at Pearl Harbor — the first battle the United States Navy has ever lost in its history; and the date and the deed that will "live in infamy" will not be forgotten by the men of the Navy.

To the fathers, to the mothers, to the wives, to the sons, to the daughters, to the sweethearts, to the brothers, to the sisters, to the friends, and to other loved ones of the Navy men who died at their posts that Sunday morning, we say, "Rest assured. We shall not forget."

"Remember Pearl Harbor" is the fightingest slogan the United States Navy could ask for.

LIEUT. C. ALPHONSO SMITH
(*U. S. Naval Air Station*)

*St. Lucia,
British West Indies.*

SIR: After reading the Open Forum article by Mr. Anton Kopeck, in which he expresses his fear of the mentality depicted by Mr.

William Bradford Huie, in the latter's description of the new army, I re-read *The New Army Hates Parades* and have no hesitancy in endorsing it without reservation.

In my opinion, the very fact that the men in the army have culture enough to despise war itself, and more especially its silly trappings of parades, unnecessary salutes, manhood-debasing subserviences to swashbuckling customs imported from foreign armies, want to get the whole thing over with as soon as possible, is proof conclusive that the debunkers have failed utterly to ruin the spirit that made America the greatest country ever known; they are showing exactly the spirit of the revolutionary soldiers, who, although they had a whole continent to escape in, fought at home because they were disgusted with a crack-brain who had the idea that God had picked him out to tell other people where to head in.

Every thoughtful man today knows that conditions are quite parallel to revolutionary days and these fellows in our modern army show the same spirit as our founding soldiers did; they are fighting because they want to be free, and not because they think a general is one whit better than they are, or that they are fighting to save a lot of civilians, or a democracy for a lot of greedy merchants to jam up again. Emotion is all right in its place, but any reader of our own history knows that it has made a poor president out of a good general on more than one occasion, and those old enough to remember the last war, remember the really terrible disappointment of the starry-eyed emotionalists who thought that war would make the world safe for democracy; in fact, those poor dupes are about the only real cynics now in the country.

We will win the war if we keep our mouths shut and fight.

ARTHUR WARDWELL

San Diego,
California.

PRO STEINBECK

SIR: This is to take issue with Mr. Eastman on *The Moon Is Down*. To be sure, Mr.

Steinbeck's German commanding officer can leave you saying, "Maybe." But for this reader, the spirit of a people not to be defeated was there. I picked up the book with my tongue in my cheek, put there by other reviewers whose judgment I esteem. But the spirit was there.

Let's not play up techniques, but begin to ask for more of the spirit of us, the people, as created by our writers. Let's have more of Steinbeck's "experimenting" to catch that part of us which will show whether we've got what Life takes or haven't. Even if we have to get it only in little capsules like *The Moon Is Down*.

MARY RYAN

Edgewood,
Rhode Island.

ANOTHER LONDON LETTER

SIR: May an English reader of the *MERCURY* of several years' standing be permitted to cross swords with Mr. William Bayles concerning some of the statements made in his article, *London Diary*—inevitably belatedly to hand?

"Few houses in England," he says, "have intact walls, roofs and windows." Less than two million buildings in the whole country have been destroyed or damaged by enemy action. Hundreds of thousands of these have been made completely watertight and habitable since they were blitzed. So far as an epidemic of colds is concerned, the Ministry of Health figures show that the health of the country in general, and as far as colds are concerned in particular, is better than it was before the war.

Although it is true that one has to wait several weeks for shoes to be soled, I have come across no one who has been deterred from walking through any scarcity of shoes or shoe leather. In fact, the shoe shops are full of shoes, for which, of course, coupons have to be surrendered.

I envy Mr. Bayles his experience of seeing "fruit carts piled high with apples, pears and grapes near Oxford Street." Grapes are obtainable, certainly, but they cost six dollars a pound at par. I have seen pears at eighty-

four cents each, but apples have been virtually nonexistent since last Autumn. Expensive fruits of the kind mentioned are not to be obtained from street carts, but only from better class fruit stores. Fresh fruit, in fact, is virtually unobtainable. My own child, being over the age of six, has not been entitled to a single orange for nearly two years. Infants of under that age receive on the average less than one orange a month.

Mr. Bayles, referring to Charles B. Cochran leg shows, wonders how that producer "secured exemption from useful employment for his beves of Cochran ladies." The answer in this case is probably the same as it is in the case of other shows which have beauty choruses — the girls are under the call-up age of eighteen.

TREVOR HENLEY

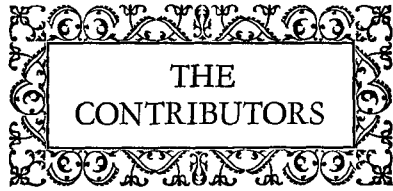
London,
England.

CORRECTION FOR WERFEL

SIR: In the AMERICAN MERCURY . . . appeared a short review of the book *The Song of Bernadette*, by Franz Werfel. The following was said there: "The great German novelist, now an exile from his homeland . . ." Everything is correct except one word, "German." Franz Werfel is *Austrian* and not *German*. He is an exile from his homeland, all right — this after Austria was occupied on March 11, 1938, by the Nazi hordes. Franz Werfel is a member of the Austrian National Committee here in the USA, as one of the top representatives of his homeland, Austria, fighting for the liberation of Austria from the German yoke. Hence, I wish to correct this error of the reviewer, who called Franz Werfel a "German" because he writes in the German language. At the present time, such a slip, creating the impression that one of Austria's best fighters against the German yoke is a "German" is a serious matter.

DR. HELENE WASTL
(Hahnemann Medical College)

Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.



LOUIS J. ALBER, perhaps the foremost American lecture impresario, specialized in celebrities of the first water. He is now himself on the lecture platform.

WILLIAM BAYLES, at present in London, lived in Germany from 1938 through 1940 as correspondent for American magazines.

EDWARD CORSI, former Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, now chairman of the Enemy Alien Board of New York City, was born in Italy.

TED GENOCK, a British cameraman, spent twelve years with Paramount News, the last five of them in covering wars on four continents. He has just arrived in America from Australia.

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE has been prominently in the literary news recently as author of the remarkable first novel, *Mud on the Stars*. He is a native Alabaman.

ROBERT W. SNEDDON, a native of Scotland, is one of our most prolific writers of true crime and detective fiction. He has to his credit several novels, a play, one-acters and literally hundreds of articles.

JAN VALTIN is the author of the sensational autobiography *Out of the Night*. He is now writing a sequel, dealing with his experiences in the United States.

GEORGE WILLIS, of Des Moines, Iowa, is at work on a novel, *Tangleweed*, from which the story in this issue is drawn. The novel will be published by THE AMERICAN MERCURY jointly with Doubleday, Doran.

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